

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3272 —VOL. CXX.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1902.

WITH FOUR-PAGE  
SUPPLEMENT | SIXPENCE



A FAMOUS ALLEGORICAL PAINTING BY THE LATE SIR NOEL PATON: "THE CHOICE."

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## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

The Old Year has left the court, but not without a stain on its character. An evening paper, which puts a prodigious quantity of emotion into its headlines, pronounces this judgment: "Dull, sordid, brutal, cynical, stupid 1901." Poor 1901! What has it done more than any preceding year to deserve these withering epithets? The judge in this case I suspect to be a party to some cause which has not prospered lately. He is not a judge, in short, but a disappointed litigant. We are all litigants in the interminable case of Time versus Human Imperfection; but we need not abuse the plaintiff's attorney. Human nature was no more perfect in 1901 than it was in 1801; and I fear that a century hence mankind will be mixing motives and metaphors pretty much the same as ever. It would be pleasant to believe that, in the next hundred years, war will be eliminated from the list of human imperfections; but, as Mr. Herbert Spencer remarks somewhere, "no man can be peaceful until all men are peaceful," a consummation almost inconceivably remote.

The *Cosmopolitan* is a praiseworthy American magazine with an editor whose ideas of international politics belong to the realm of farce. He has sent a form of petition to the ministers of all religious denominations in the United States, a form which the minister is asked to sign on behalf of his congregation. The petition is addressed to "our English brothers," who are begged "to join with us in asking the appointment of the President of the United States and the Queen of Holland as arbitrators to whose minds shall be committed the settlement of all questions affected by the South African dispute." A Congregational minister in Illinois, who sends me this precious document, suggests that the proposal to appoint the Queen of Holland one of the arbitrators cannot be made "in good faith." I do not take it quite so seriously. The editor of the *Cosmopolitan* may be a wag, who, thinking that the idea of arbitration at this stage of the controversy is not sufficiently ridiculous, makes it a screaming joke at the expense of Mr. Roosevelt. "And that meanwhile hostilities shall cease," says the petition. Think of the combatants enjoying a truce while Mr. Roosevelt is considering whether, as a rational being, he could sit in an arbitration court with the Sovereign who sent a war-ship to bring Mr. Kruger to Europe, gave him asylum, and distinguished him by other marks of disinterested sympathy!

I say this is a jest that Mark Twain himself might envy. Look at its colossal scale. The whole area of the United States is whitened with the forms of this petition. The expense of postage must be considerable, and I presume that the proprietors of the *Cosmopolitan* do not mind it. Doubtless they are humorists too, and when they have a truly gigantic piece of fun, they are heedless of the cost. The petition is accompanied by a little essay on the war, conceived in a spirit of beautiful ignorance, and my correspondent says he was asked to read this to his congregation on Christmas Day, so as to give that festival "a tone of active Christianity." "We are almost made to feel," he says, "that we are no Christians if we do not read it as requested." That is the most exquisite part of the jest. We have had a dose of it here from people who yell "No Christian!" at any clergyman who refuses to use his pulpit to weaken the arm of his country in a war we did not begin. The editor of the *Cosmopolitan* wants to hoax American congregations into believing that it is "active Christianity" to lend themselves to a suggestion worthy of a Christmas pantomime. I have no doubt that towards the end of the American Civil War, when wrongheaded piety was begging Lincoln to surrender everything for which the North had been fighting, some facetious predecessor of the *Cosmopolitan* gentleman proposed that England and France should be invited to act as arbitrators.

The Baconian wags are in great feather because the *Times* has opened its columns to their drolleries. I find the correspondence no small compensation for the disappearance of the harlequinade from the Christmas entertainments. A mob of excited citizens used to rush upon the stage, and, for no reason whatever, hurl carrots through space. That was the joy of my childhood; but the "pantomime rally" is fully matched by the Baconians. They, too, hurl irrelevant carrots. "How did Shakspeare get hold of Bacon's commonplace-book?" they demand. "It has lots of phrases which occur in the plays." Ha! That's one in the eye for William! But there was another commonplace-book, containing a list of electrical substances; and this list is lifted bodily out of Dr. William Gilbert's "De Magnete," published in 1600. Another slap in the eye, and for another William! For of course Bacon wrote, "De Magnete." His commonplace-book proves it; and Gilbert, like Shakspeare, was an impostor. Any man save Bacon might keep a commonplace-book, and nobody would suppose that everything in it was his own invention. But if Bacon had jotted down the phrase, "A new heaven and a new earth," the Baconians would

have said that he had created both; and if he had written, "Baldness: try gin and onions," they would have acclaimed him as the original gin-distiller, and sworn that onions first grew at his command.

You see that in a game of this kind there is little room for scholars. Mr. Sidney Lee, our chief expert in Shakspearean lore, has mastered the bi-literal cypher, and denies that it can be found in the First Folio. The typographical peculiarities of that edition, he says, were common in the literature of Shakspeare's period, and for many years after Bacon's death. Mr. Lee suggests that the hypothesis of Shakspeare's genius and Bacon's intellect occupying the same brain sets up an incredible prodigy. "Go to!" retort Mrs. Gallup's publishers. "Mr. Lee has a pecuniary interest in Shakspeare's personality." Nothing so debasing as a pecuniary interest exists in the ledgers of the gentlemen who publish Mrs. G. They have a gay and birdlike simplicity that carols for the truth. Besides, I like to see publishers taking up the cause of an oppressed client. It shows us the business of publishing in a new and engaging light. People are too apt to assume that a publisher regards a book from a commercial standpoint, and not as a great contribution to the enlightenment of humanity. Mr. Grant Richards, who has published "The Tragedy of Sir Francis Bacon," another Baconian pamphlet, will be indignant with me for saying that the tragedy of Bacon is that such a book should have been written about him. And I shall honour Mr. Grant Richards for his manly protest. Meanwhile, I am sympathising with an unlucky friend of mine, who has received a parcel of Baconian literature as a Christmas present from a wealthy and determined uncle. It is accompanied by a vigorous note, which says that anyone who continues to believe in Shakspeare is unworthy even of a pauper's crust.

A correspondent of the *Times* has made a careful study of the "agony column" in that journal for the last twelve months. He passes over the emotional department—cuts the cackle, as it were, and comes to the next-of-kin. The list of persons who are "wanted," not by the police, but by despairing executors, is amazing. A lady enlisted in the ballet about ten years ago, and probably she is still unaware that a fortune is waiting to relieve her from that honourable but exhausting vocation. The indifference of impoverished people to the money that is crying for them in the tin boxes that adorn the offices of lawyers is one of the marvels of psychology. They go into the ballet and change their names; they vanish out of the four-mile radius, and leave no address; they keep their tender-hearted lawyers on tenterhooks of expectation; probably they actually read the "agony column" without recognising the names they used to bear, and remark upon the folly of next-of-kin who cannot be found. They rouse to exasperation the sober toiler who looks through the advertisements for wanderers, and says: "If anything were left to me, I should know it by instinct!" Yes, he would cry: "By the pricking of my thumbs, something legal this way comes!" and would pounce at once on the announcement.

The correspondent of the *Times* says that the "agony column" ought to afford a rich harvest of suggestion to novelists. Bless his innocent heart! How many novels about wandering heirs have been written these fifty years? How many dramas have shown us the next-of-kin vegetating in Nova Zembla while lawyers were issuing distracted appeals from Bedford Row? And yet the public, the sober toilers, came to regard this as a weak and unnatural device of the novelist and playwright! It was incredible to you and me that any man, even in the remotest latitudes, should not have an inkling that riches were yearning for him in London; so on the stage and in the novel he became a tiresome puppet of the author's jaded fantasy. And yet the "agony column" proves him to be a solid incarnation. I say there ought to be a limit to the public patience. If that lady will not come out of the ballet, and take a house in Park Lane, and remove the suffering lawyers from those tenterhooks, why should not her property be given to the deserving? The deserving are rather numerous; but a selection might be made by the harmless device of a raffle, as in a charity bazaar. Moreover, this would enable the dramatist to show the winner of the raffle discovering the lady in the ballet after four acts of exciting adventure, and nobly endowing her with her own estate. We might have at least ten years of new and original plays on that plan.

Mr. Dooley (I learn from the *Cincinnati Enquirer*) does not think much of legislation for keeping Anarchists out of America. He remarks that Anarchists are born and bred there, and he sees no difference between the character of immigrants now and the character of his own immigrant ancestors. "We all come over th' same way, an' if me ancestosses were not what Hógan calls rigidides, 'twas not because they were not ready an' willin', on'y a King niver come their way." "But what wud ye do with th' offscourin' of Europe?" demands Mr. Shaughnessy. "I'd scour thim some more," says Mr. Dooley. There is a fund of wisdom in that!

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

"BLUE BEARD," AT DRURY LANE.

Drury Lane pantomime is always the most gorgeous of Christmas entertainments, but with "Blue Beard" Mr. Arthur Collins has done more than eclipse Old Drury's records of scenic magnificence. He has brought consistent good taste to bear on his masses of colour, his wonderful effects of light, his choice of costly costumes; and he has taken care that in the restful intervals there shall be plenty of hearty and rollicking fun. Thus his Fernland ballet, with its charming forest setting, a lovely harmony of green, and his superb procession of national fans and—more important matter—dresses, grouped, these last, in dazzling and ever-changing combinations of glorious tints, are spectacles not only of vast dimensions but also of real and ordered beauty. What part these fans play in the highly modernised story of "Blue Beard"; how the millionaire hero, as represented by the Cockney-voiced Mr. Herbert Campbell, is robbed of his beard and half his depravity; how the six wives of Blue Beard—made agreeable part-singers—figure in a Maskelyne "illusion," and serve as chorus of Mr. Dan Leno's ubiquitous Sister Anne, future patrons of the Lane would rather discover for themselves.

"KATAWAMPUS," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S; AND "GULLIVER'S TRAVELS," AT THE AVENUE.

Two children's plays, delightful and depressing respectively, are staged at the Prince of Wales's and Avenue Theatres. "Katawampus," adapted from Judge Parry's ingenious story, has dull moments while its harassed parents are in evidence, but when once its refractory children reach Krab the caveman's "katawampus" or tantrums' reformatory, where chickens inspect their caged young tyrants, or the quaint Parliament of Toys wherein, travestying our Legislature, playthings impeach their naughty owners, there is abundance of riotous merriment. Some unaffected melodies of Mr. Norman Hayes, the artistic singing of Mr. Courtice Pounds as Krab, and the refreshing naturalness of certain children, May Cranfield, Archie Watson, and Jessica Black (the last a perfectly made-up wooden doll), lend a charm to the Prince of Wales's "musical tale" sadly lacking in Mr. Grossmith junior's Avenue version of "Gulliver's Travels." This, with its Gulliver first made a man among (bearded) children, possessing an atrocious Cockney accent and rasping voices, then a swaggering boy among Brobdingnagian elders, resembles nothing so exactly as a midgets' show, and is only redeemed by its occasional music, by the pretty gravity and piping treble of tiny Maudie Ray, and by Mr. Roland Cunningham's agreeable vocalisation.

"LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY" AND "LIBERTY HALL" REVIVED.

There seems no reason why Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's happy adaptation of her exquisite tale, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," should not prove a hardy annual now that at Wyndham's Theatre she has found a boy, young Vyvian Thomas, to play the title-rôle, and a boy who has just the right grace, breeding, and even distinction. Excellently cast as the comedy is, with Miss Marion Terry, that superb emotional actress, repeating her perfect impersonation of "Dearest," and Mr. Arthur Williams resuming his original part of Hobbs, the comic grocer, here is a veritable treat for all youngsters. Rather cutely Mr. Alexander calls "Liberty Hall," revived at St. James's matinees, a "play for children." Certainly this Albery-like piece of stage sentiment, with its two aristocratic girls reduced to poverty, is very childish drama, but it gives capital histrionic chances. And the new representatives of the heroines, Miss Margaret Halstan and Miss Lilian Braithwaite, though they cannot efface recollections of Miss Marion Terry's and Miss Maude Millett's performances, act very charmingly.

THE PANTOMIMES AT ISLINGTON, KENNINGTON, AND FULHAM.

Of all the suburban pantomimes the most amusing is always that of the Grand, Islington; and "Cinderella" this year lacks none of the briskness of its predecessors. For is not Mr. Harry Randall at hand as Buttons to reel off constant jokes and yarns and ditties, to offer marriage to the dainty heroine (of Miss Ruby Verdi's rendering) with a seriousness that provokes convulsive laughter? Has not Mr. Frank Curzon's handsome production also a rollicking scene in which rival showmen of circus troupes abuse each other even to Islington's content? South of the river, at the Kennington Theatre, another nursery tale, that of "Red Riding Hood," is picturesquely treated with the house's customary aids of pretty and mainly woodland scenery, clever children, and graceful ballets. In this pantomime, Red Riding Hood, played brightly by little Dolly Hayward, is associated with quite a number of picture-book characters. Dame Hubbard, made very droll by Mr. Dallas, Boy Blue (dashing Miss Minnie Jeff's part), and Simple Simon, Tommy Tucker, Peter Piper, presented by the Hayters, as acrobats. Nearer west, at Fulham, "Sinbad," with many marine scenes and attractive dresses, with a glittering "Diamond Valley" ballet, provides an entertainment full of gaiety, variety, and refinement.

THE HIPPODROME'S AND ALHAMBRA'S CHRISTMAS PRODUCTIONS.

Both the Hippodrome and the Alhambra offer this holiday-time special and seasonable productions. The Hippodrome, according to custom, ventures on a regular pantomime, and not the least striking feature of its elaborate treatment of the story of "Aladdin" is the wonderful and costly lamp set with dazzling and precious jewels. No wonder that the pretty Princess, Miss Lilly Landon, of this version has no idea of exchanging the magic talisman of her Aladdin (sprightly Miss Georgie Martin), and that their history ends with the magnificent spectacle of the fairy-raised palace, its florally decked arches supported by living statuary and festooned with lanterns, its guards dressed in dazzling golden costumes, and its accessories a blaze of light and colour and mirth. A worthy rival of "Aladdin" is the Alhambra's divertissement "Santa Claus," which introduces a number of famous characters of nursery legend, as well as a host of dancing fairies glittering with numberless tiny and ever-changing electric lamps.



Sometimes these figures are almost in darkness, at others they stand out sheathed, as it were, in close-fitting burnished steel—a marvellous effect of stage-illumination.

THE OXFORD, EGYPTIAN HALL, AND CRYSTAL PALACE. Of the variety theatres the Oxford can boast not the least popular of programmes, with Miss Marie Lloyd singing a trio of ditties, the best of which depicts "Folkestone for the Day," Mr. Gus Elen describing humorously a convict and his convict sweetheart, Mr. Bransby Williams supplying a series of Dickens impersonations, and Miss Marguerite Fish presenting the picturesque scene, "The Japanese Cherry Blossom," and its chorus of ladies dressed in Japanese costumes. The Egyptian Hall's attractive Christmas bill includes Mr. Mel Spurr's ludicrous sketch, "Cap and Bells," and Mr. Maskelyne's time-honoured illusion, "The Entranced Fakir"; while the special holiday entertainments of the Crystal Palace, apart from a children's Toy Fair, comprise Mr. Humphry Brammall's circus—educated bears, Arab horses, an Italian equestrienne, and several clowns—as well as the "Blue Beard" pantomime, which tells a good story, revels in mirth and exploits, performing sea-lions, and a comical elephant.

### THE ENTERTAINMENT OF POOR CHILDREN AT THE GUILDHALL.

On the closing day of the year some fifteen hundred children were entertained in the City Hall of the Guildhall by subscribers to the Poor Children's Dinner Fund, founded by Alderman Sir William Treloar. The little guests, who came from all parts of London, assembled at half-past five, and thoroughly enjoyed the feast provided for them. The Lord Mayor, accompanied by the Lady Mayoress, entered the Hall during the progress of the meal, and after it, addressed the children briefly. In the afternoon the Lord Mayor witnessed the despatch of five thousand hampers, each containing a meat pie, a cake, a Christmas pudding, tea, and sweets, from the Guildhall Yard to crippled children.

### THE ACCIDENT ON THE LIVERPOOL OVERHEAD RAILWAY.

An explosion occurring in the fuse-box in the rear compartment of one of the trains on the Liverpool Overhead Electric Railway was the cause of a serious disaster, involving the loss of six lives, on the evening of Dec. 23. The train was about to draw up at the Dingle terminus, an underground station approached by a tunnel of considerable length, when there was a loud explosion and a blinding flash of light from the fuse-box. The carriages took fire almost immediately. A rush was made by the passengers to get clear of the blazing train, and the larger number succeeded in gaining the street in safety. The fire-brigade was quickly on the scene, but, owing to the intense heat and the smoke in the tunnel, could not enter the station for several hours. The train was destroyed utterly, together with two other trains of empty carriages on a siding, and the station itself wrecked.

### THE CHILE-ARGENTINE DISPUTE

Although it is probable that the frontier dispute between Chile and the Argentine Republic may yet be amicably settled by reference to British arbitration, there can be no doubt that the situation in both countries is extremely acute. It is said that a protocol to an agreement has been signed by the representatives of the two countries, but even that is no stable guarantee of peace, for it was objected that a word had been changed in the protocol without the consent of the Argentine authorities before the text was published at Santiago. It is stated that, upon protest, a rectification was immediately made, but the public mind in both States does not seem to have been reassured thereby. Briefly, the situation is as follows: In 1884 the boundary between Argentina and Chile was agreed to be the watershed of the Cordillera of the Andes. This was confirmed by a treaty of 1893; and in 1898, by the arbitration of Great Britain, the *status quo* was again established. The following year, however, the Chileans advanced to the east of the Andes; and in December 1900 both States entered into an agreement not to commit any act, either civil or military, with regard to the frontier question, which should give rise to friction. In spite of this, at the beginning of 1901, the Chileans pushed roads across the Cordillera to the east of the boundary-line, and built bridges, tunnels, and houses, on the pretext that they were merely facilitating the work of demarcation. The Argentine Government immediately called for explanations, and while these were pending, it was announced at Santiago that the Argentine forces had crossed the line of demarcation. This did not mean that they had crossed the watershed, but simply that they were within the more easterly of the two lines shown in our map; in other words, within the frontier-line as claimed by the Chileans, but in reality on territory which has long been occupied by the Argentines. The only treaty line, of course, is that which runs along the Andean summits. The Chileans, hemmed as they are into a narrow strip of territory between the lofty mountains and the sea, are naturally anxious to extend their boundaries, and the temptation is all the greater inasmuch as since their victory over Peru in 1883, their army has been in a high state of efficiency. In the execution of any such scheme of conquest, however, they would always have to reckon with the United States; and if once Mr. Roosevelt intervened, it is impossible to see how Chile could have recourse to the last argument alike of Kings and of Republics.

The annual record of the winter meetings and summer excursions of the Upper Norwood Athenæum appears once again in the admirable and attractive form which the editors, Messrs. J. Stanley and W. F. Harradence, have led us to expect. The excursions last summer included pilgrimages to Oxford, Never Castle, Hertford, and other places of antiquarian interest.

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Luke Delmege. Rev. P. C. Sheehan. (Longmans, Green. 6s.)

The Victorian Anthology. Edited by the Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff. (Swan Sonnenschein. 7s. 6d.)

The Garden of a Commuter's Wife. Recorded by the Gardener. (Macmillan. 6s.)

Vanity Fair Album. Thirty-third Series. (Vanity Fair Office. £2 2s.)

Webster's Royal Red Book. Hundred and Ninth Edition. (Webster. 5s.)



# TESTING THE SEAWORTHINESS OF TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYERS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. T. JANE, FROM A SKETCH BY A NAVAL OFFICER.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, JAN. 4, 1902.—4

THE PORTSMOUTH DESTROYER FLOTILLA LEAVING PORTLAND IN A HEAVY GALE.

*During the recent cruise of the torpedo-boat destroyers the flotilla was sent to sea in a heavy gale, in order to prove the seaworthiness of the vessels. A speed of twelve knots was maintained, and only one boat, the "Crane," which had been experimentally "strengthened," was injured. This incident ought to allay in great measure the public uneasiness as to the seaworthiness of destroyers.*



# LONDON'S NEW YEAR GIFT TO CRIPPLED CHILDREN.

Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Bell.

The Lord Mayor.

Alderman Sir William Treloar.

Lord Kinnaird.



DESPATCH OF FIVE THOUSAND HAMPERS FROM THE GUILDHALL, ON NEW YEAR'S EVE: THE LORD MAYOR PROPOSING A VOTE OF THANKS TO ALDERMAN SIR WILLIAM TRELOAR, FOUNDER OF THE POOR CHILDREN'S DINNER FUND.

DRAWN BY RALPH CLEAVER.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## VENEZUELA AND GERMANY.

To her internal distractions Venezuela has now to add an acute difficulty with Germany, the Government of which country is about to enforce the payment of some £400,000 due as interest on various loans. The German war-ships *Falk* and *Vineta* are at La Guayra, the seaport of Caracas, and the most important maritime town in the Republic, and other war-ships are expected. The intention of Germany is to enforce the payment of her dues by a blockade, and probably the seizure of Venezuelan ports. There is also a further grievance regarding the German railway in Venezuela, which refuses to carry Venezuelan Government troops without a guarantee against damage by the insurgents. The Government would not give any such security, and this point also will be in the list of matters to be settled. It is very unlikely that the United States would raise any objection to Germany's action, and the sensational rumours of war between Germany and the United States were in the highest degree absurd.

## THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE BLACK EAGLE.

The famous Prussian Order of the Black Eagle, the chapter of which the Prince of Wales will probably attend during his forthcoming visit to Germany, was founded by the Elector Frederick III., first King of Prussia, grandfather of Frederick the Great, on Jan. 18, 1701. The decorations

consist of a cross and a star. The cross is eight-pointed, and is wrought in gold with blue enamel. It bears in the middle the founder's initials, "F. R.," and in the four interstices are four black eagles with gold crowns. It is worn on an orange-coloured ribbon. The silver star is emblazoned with a black eagle surmounted by the motto "Suum Cuique." In one claw the eagle bears a laurel wreath, and in the other a thunderbolt. The founder thus explained the symbolism of the devices: the wreath is the reward of the good, the thunderbolt the punishment of the unrighteous. "Suum Cuique" expresses universal impartiality, all to be rewarded according to their merits. The eagle, which always gazes at the sun, is a type of lofty aspiration.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE CHAPTER OF THE BLACK EAGLE: THE CROSS AND STAR OF THE ORDER.

## THE LATE MR. ONSLOW FORD, R.A.

Mr. E. Onslow Ford, who died on Dec. 23, 1901, at his residence in St. John's Wood, was a Londoner born. At the age of forty-nine years he had reached, no doubt, the zenith of his powers; but much good all-round work was still expected from him, even by those to whom some of his recent works—his Lord Strathnairn, for instance, and his colossal seated figure of Queen Victoria—had been a disappointment. Mr. Onslow Ford went to Antwerp in 1870 as a student of painting, and, still in that capacity, proceeded later on to Munich. In that city, the scene of so many transformations, the student exchanged the brush for the chisel. Early in his career as a sculptor in London he won the commission for the Sir Rowland Hill, now in the Royal Exchange, and made some noise with his seated statue of Sir Henry Irving as Hamlet. A standing statue of Mr. Gladstone was executed at about the same time by Mr. Ford for the City Liberal Club. Following these at quick intervals came a long succession of works—Professor Huxley, Dr. Dale, the Duke of Norfolk, among the rest. Of his larger works may be named the statue of Gordon mounted on a camel, which was set up at Chatham; the Kit Marlowe memorial at Canterbury; and the Shelley memorial for Oxford—a group against which was urged the objection that Shelley drowned, rather than Shelley alive, was not the fit subject of presentation. Our photograph is by Russell.



## DESIGN FOR THE OBERSE OF THE NEW COINAGE.

The Portrait is the work of Mr. de Saulles. The legend is remarkable as containing his Majesty's new title, "King of all the Britains"; at least, so we suppose we are asked to translate it, although, owing to the singular meaning of the Latin plural "Britanniarum," there is an obvious difficulty in the addition of "omnium," which seems scarcely in this connection to extend the scope of the Empire. Would it not be better to take the contraction as standing for "Britannorum Omnium," and translate "King of all the Britons," thereby obtaining a truer reflection of the full English title "King of the British Dominions beyond the Seas"? Read in this way, the new coinage seems implicitly to accept Lord Rosebery's original proposal. The design as reproduced is much larger than any coin.

## A MUNIFICENT GIFT TO BOLTON.

Rivington Hall Estate and the famous Rivington Pike, which Mr. W. H. Lever, the great soap-maker, has presented to the town of Bolton as a municipal playground, forms one of the most splendid gifts that have ever been made to a community. From north to south the extreme length of the estate is about a mile and a half, and its average width is about half a mile. It is bounded on one side by the artificial lakes of the Liverpool Corporation Waterworks, and these add greatly to the picturesqueness of the landscape. Within the park, nature is to be supreme, and the people of Bolton and other great manufacturing towns in the neighbourhood will be within easy distance by rail of a delightful tract of woodland, moor, and mountain. Rivington Pike rises to a height of 1545 ft. above the sea-level, and commands splendid views. On it, at critical moments in the country's history, a beacon has been lighted.

## THE OPENING UP OF NIGERIA.

The latest despatch from Bonny brings the news that on Dec. 24 last Colonel Montanaro, with Major Heneker's column, effected an entry into and burnt Aroekuku. Since the occupation there has been considerable fighting, but the British loss has been slight. Subsequently, Colonel Montanaro and his staff took up their quarters at Ungwana, eighty miles up the Cross River. Number 3 Column, commanded by Colonel Festing, and operating on the Cross River, in Southern Nigeria, occupied Ndeokori on Dec. 14 after thirty days' fighting. Two days later he entered Bendi. The discovery of the "long Ju-Ju" is reported. Jebba, from which the 1st Battalion of the Northern Nigerian Regiment, West African Frontier Force, forming a part of the Cross River Expedition, embarked for the seat of war with orders to meet a similar contingent at Lokoja, and to proceed to the storming of Aro, is a rocky, barren island, rough and rugged, with steep paths and hillocks, and almost

entirely without vegetation. The 1st Northern Nigerian Regiment has its headquarters there, and on the King's Birthday No. 1 Battery was marched from the parade-ground to the Island of Jebba to fire a royal salute. The gunners, who wear khaki, with blue jackets piped with red, blue puttees, and crimson caps, marched before and behind their weapons, which were slung from bamboos attached at each end to a strong, flat crosspiece of wood, and borne on their heads by the gun-carriers. Though enlisted, these men do not rank as soldiers. All are Hausas, finely built men, specially chosen for the hard work they are called upon to perform. Many wear a species of jibbeh, with a green patch over the heart. As a station Jebba is far from healthy, and the heat radiating from the rocky ground at midday is intense.

## A GREAT ANCESTOR OF KING EDWARD.

The tercentenary of the birth of Duke Ernest the Pious, founder of the House of Gotha, was fittingly celebrated at Gotha on Dec. 26 last. The German Emperor, who had arranged to take part in the ceremonies, arrived at the town in the morning, and, accompanied by the young Duke and the Prince Regent, drove to the Castle of Friedenstein. In reply to the latter's address, his Majesty expressed his pleasure at being able to accept the invitation sent to him, a pleasure intensified by the fact that it was from Gotha he had taken his wife, and also drew attention to the felicitous coinciding of the date of the tercentenary with that of the greatest festival of the year. At the end of his speech he gave it as his

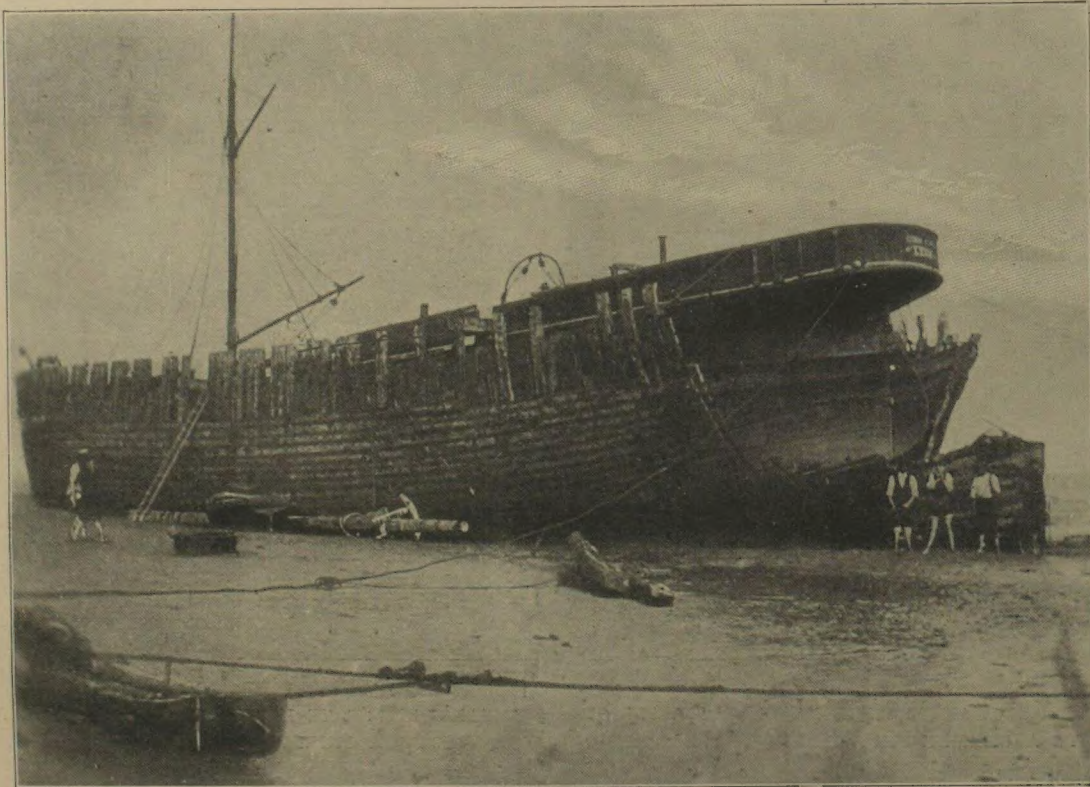


THE TERCENTENARY OF ERNEST THE PIOUS, DUKE OF SAXE-GOTHA, KING EDWARD VII.'S GREAT ANCESTOR, CELEBRATED BY THE KAISER, DECEMBER 26.

wish that "the day might mark the beginning of a flow of blessing over all Germany and its Princes," and called for a "Hoch" for the Prince Regent and the Duke.

## NOVEL METHOD OF RAISING WRECKS.

A very unusual method was employed in raising the submerged wreck of the barque *Arthur*, of Arendal, which foundered in Boston Deep, Lincolnshire, during the heavy gales of the present winter. The deck and inner parts of the ship were removed; the fore and aft timbers cut away, and during high water a steamer was floated over and allowed to subside inside the hull of the wreck. This was made secure to the steamer, and the following tide lifted it successfully, and it was towed to a higher portion of the shore, where the work of breaking up could be carried on independently of the tides. The wreck was submerged in nine feet of sand, about 200 tons of which had accumulated in the hull. The gross weight of sand and hull was estimated at 450 tons. The execution of this original idea, which occurred to the owner, Mr. G. White, of Boston (engineer), created quite a sensation among the shipping community, which was doubtful of the scheme. Probably such a feat has never before been attempted, but the success with which the experiment has been attended should certainly lead to its frequent adoption in similar cases. It would be interesting to know whether an inventor can protect such a scheme as this.



ORIGINAL METHOD OF RAISING A WRECK BY FLOATING A VESSEL WITHIN THE HULL AT BOSTON DEEPS, LINCOLNSHIRE.

Photo. Beales, Boston



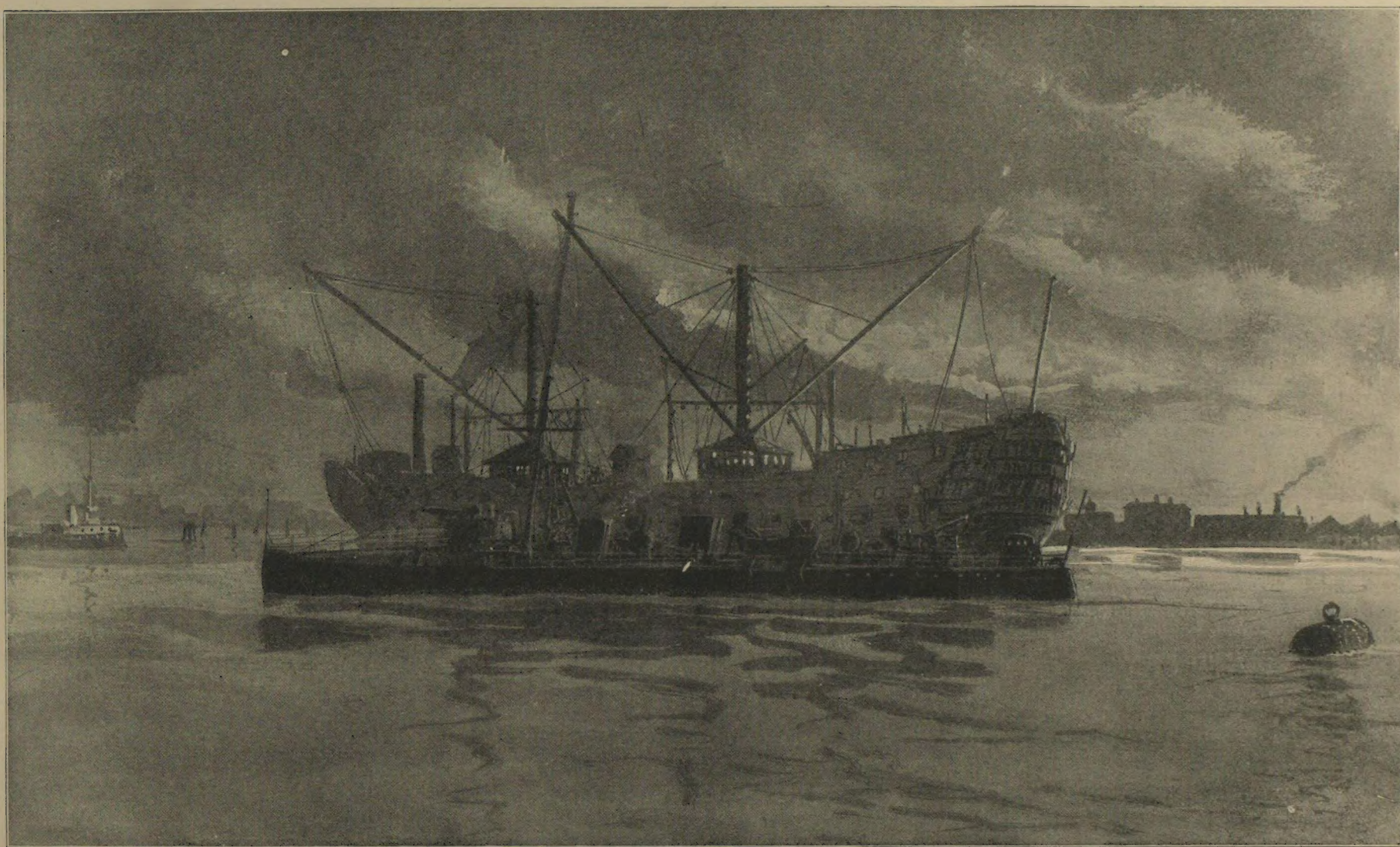


LA GUAYRA, SEAPORT OF CARACAS: WAR-VESSELS AT ANCHOR.



LA GUAYRA, THE PRINCIPAL HARBOUR OF VENEZUELA, FROM THE SEA.

THE VENEZUELAN DIFFICULTY WITH GERMANY: SCENE OF THE THREATENED BLOCKADE

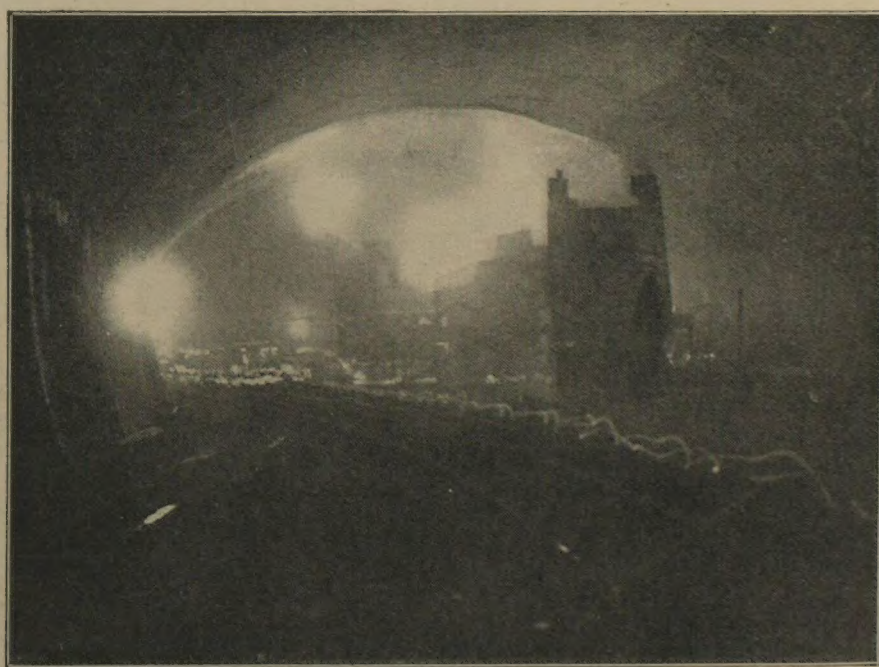


FEEDING THE LION'S WHELPS: COALING A TORPEDO-BOAT IN PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR.

DRAWN BY MAJOR C. FIELD, R.M.



THE REMAINS OF THE WRECKED TRAIN IN A SHED NEAR HERCULANEUM DOCK.



THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER: THE TUNNEL LOOKING TOWARDS DINGLE STATION.

THE LIVERPOOL ELECTRIC RAILWAY DISASTER ON DECEMBER 23.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE PRESS PHOTOGRAPHIC BUREAU.



## PERSONAL.

The death of Sir Joseph Noel Paton, the King's Limner for Scotland, removes from the ranks of artists a man of vigorous personality, a Scot of the Scots, who interested large bodies of people by his literary, even poetical, rendering of religious, historic, military, and other subjects. Born at Dunfermline in 1821, Noel Paton entered fully into the lore and romance of a place which tells its own story in its own stones; nor were the ruins of citadel, palace, and abbey, that spoke of King David II. and our own Charles I., of Queen Saint Margaret and her lord, Malcolm Canmore, and of King Robert the Bruce, without a special meaning for one who claimed, through his mother, descent from King Robert II., the common ancestor of Robert the Bruce and the Stuart line. His father, a manufacturer in the town, was also an antiquary and a collector. The boy, with this double inheritance, grew up with ambitions that had their first play in some

water-colours to illustrate Sir Walter's novels. That was in 1838; and, five years later, he came to London to attend the Royal Academy schools, where he made many friends among English followers of his profession. Returning to Scotland, he made his first successes with his pictures of "Ruth Gleaning," "Rachel Weeping for her Children,"

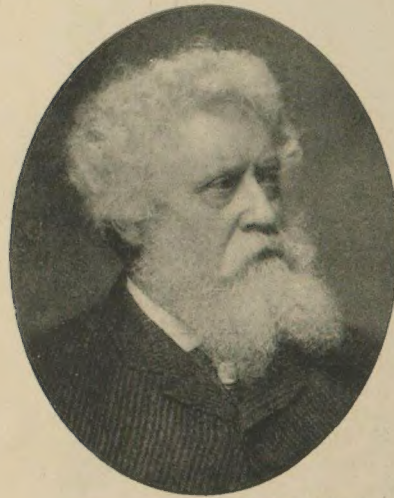


Photo. Dorrill and Martin.  
THE LATE SIR JOEL PATON, R.S.A.,  
His Majesty's Limner for Scotland.

and "A Holy Family," all exhibited at the Royal Scottish Academy. A premium of two hundred guineas rewarded a cartoon, "The Spirit of Religion," which he sent to a Westminster Hall competition. Sir Noel's versatility was shown by his production of some good black-and-white work, including etchings and two or three volumes of tolerable poems. In 1866 he became the Queen's Limner, was knighted in the year following, and in 1858 married Margaret, daughter of Alexander Ferrier, a lady who died in 1900. By the kindness of the publishers, Messrs. Hugh Paton and Sons, we are permitted to give two notable examples of Sir Noel's art—the one purely religious, the other allegorical. "The Man of Sorrows" was painted in 1875; "The Choice," symbolising the Christian warrior betwixt the powers of good and evil, dates from 1886.

There is no list of Honours for the New Year. This abrogation of a custom is naturally ascribed to the King's belief that all the honours of the year should be reserved for the Coronation.

Sir Joseph Henry Gilbert—commonly called Sir Henry Gilbert—died Dec. 23, 1901, at his residence at Harpenden, St. Albans. The name of this

agricultural chemist will long be known as that of the associate of the late Sir J. B. Laws in the famous experiments made in the laboratory at Rothamsted. Born at Hull in 1817, he had for his father a clergyman and for his mother—Ann Taylor—the writer of books with a moral, when books with a moral were much in vogue. In spite of an accident which

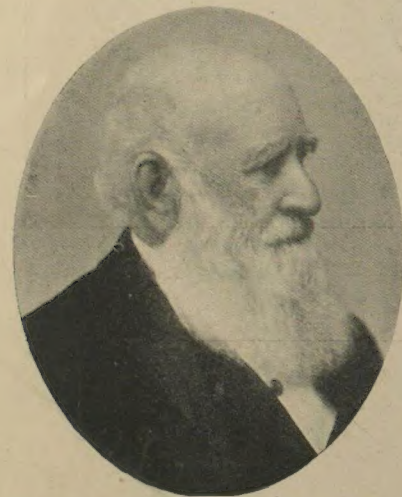


Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
THE LATE SIR J. H. GILBERT,  
Eminent Agriculturist.

deprived him of the sight of one eye, he became a diligent student, first at Glasgow University, and afterwards in Germany, where he had Liebig for his master. After a period spent as Assistant Master at University College, Dr. Gilbert studied calico-dyeing in Lancashire, and then went to Rothamsted, being at that time twenty-six years of age. It was there that, for nearly sixty years, he made his valuable contributions to the domain of agricultural research.

Count Fitzjames, a descendant of James II. and Arabella Churchill, is engaged to marry Miss Sybil Sanderson, an American singer famous in French opera.

Miss Murdock Clarke, who was appointed house surgeon to the Macclesfield Infirmary, has resigned after a prolonged controversy with the medical men of the same institution, who refused to co-operate with her. They disclaimed any personal opposition to Miss Clarke, and did not dispute her attainments, but held that it was impossible for a lady doctor to engage in the "mixed work" of a hospital.

Mr. Archibald John Scott Milman, C.B., Clerk of the House of Commons for the last couple of years, will

not be found in his accustomed place when Parliament reassembles. Indifferent health is

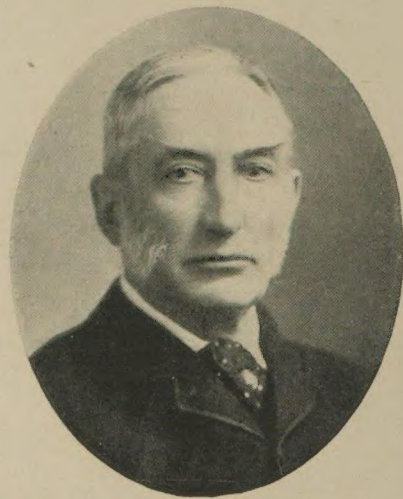


Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
MR. A. J. S. MILMAN,  
Resigning the Clerkship of the House of Commons.

whose rulings he has inspired; and when Mr. Balfour says that he has consulted the authorities of the House, he means that he has exchanged views with Mr. Milman.

That the design for the British postage-stamp should be "made in Germany" has caused here and there a note of consternation; but, in matters of art at any rate, we all of us are, or ought to be, international in our tastes. Herr Fuchs has long been known as a designer for



Photo. R. J. Haines.  
MR. EMILE FUCHS,  
DESIGNER OF THE NEW BRITISH STAMPS.

the Mints, and now he has work laid to his hand at St. Martin's-le-Grand. Every point of a postage-stamp is examined and canvassed, not by collectors only, but by the public in general, as eagerly as a point of law among lawyers, or the points of a horse among sportsmen. That the new designs will not escape criticism, nobody is better aware than Herr Fuchs, and to be forewarned is to be forearmed, as far as mortal designer may be.

Mr. William Hughes, whose death is reported from Brighton, where he lately lived, was a painter of animals, birds, flowers, and fruit. Born sixty years ago, he studied under Mr. William Hunt, and had the praises of Mr.



Photo. A. H. Fry.  
THE LATE MR. WILLIAM HUGHES,  
Painter.

the Mints, and now he has work laid to his hand at St. Martin's-le-Grand. Every point of a postage-stamp is examined and canvassed, not by collectors only, but by the public in general, as eagerly as a point of law among lawyers, or the points of a horse among sportsmen. That the new designs will not escape criticism, nobody is better aware than Herr Fuchs, and to be forewarned is to be forearmed, as far as mortal designer may be.

when Parliament reassembles. Indifferent health is the cause of a resignation that will be universally regretted by the Commons. A son of the famous Dean Milman, he was educated at Westminster and at Trinity College, Cambridge, and he entered the service of the House of Commons in 1857, filling, successively, the posts of Second Clerk Assistant, Clerk Assistant, and, finally, that of Clerk, from which he now retires. He has been the guide of three Speakers, whose rulings he has inspired; and when Mr. Balfour says that he has consulted the authorities of the House, he means that he has exchanged views with Mr. Milman.

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Lord Rosebery's position is still the theme of rumour. One circumstantial story announced that he had declined to have any part or lot in the fortunes of the Liberal Party, and had returned to the "lonely furrow." Upon this followed leading articles describing the Chesterfield speech as the end of his career. But there is another story that, having laid down his policy, he invited Liberals to follow it, and that he would prosecute it with the utmost energy, whether Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman accepted or not. This is really the truth of the matter, for Lord Rosebery has not the smallest intention of disappearing from politics, or of acquiescing in views which he has distinctly repudiated.

General Chaffee, commanding the American forces in the Philippines, has protested against any withdrawal of troops before Jan. 1, 1903. The war is already three years old, and General Chaffee evidently expects to celebrate another birthday.

The Marquis Ito, ex-Premier of Japan, has had a visit to London very different from that which he paid to it when he was nineteen years of age. It was a boy's adventure, carried out with difficulty, some say even at the price of his working his own passage. What impressions of England he formed at that date we do not know; but perhaps they may be partly guessed at by the results. The traveller returned to his own country to be its school-master in many matters, from a constitutional monarchy to a Mauser. In virtue of those reforms, Japan has become great among the nations of the world—a fact, and his own share in it, the Marquis Ito must have felt fully realised in England when he was bidden to a long audience with King Edward VII.



Photo. Maruki, Tokio.  
THE MARQUIS ITO,  
Ex-Premier of Japan, on a Visit to England.

General Miles, the American Commander-in-Chief, having expressed his sympathy with the views of the minority of the court-martial in the Schley case, was told by President Roosevelt at a public audience to mind his own business. The Kaiser himself could not have spoken with more autocratic promptitude and directness.

The Zionist Congress at Basel decided to raise a fund of £200,000 for the purchase of land in Syria and Palestine. A sympathetic telegram was received from the Sultan. Mr. Zangwill said that without millions the movement could not succeed.

Colonel Arthur Hoskyns Festing, D.S.O., who has the leadership of the third column told off for the Aro Expedition, was born nearly thirty-two years ago. His first schooling he got on the Continent, and in due course entered the Royal Military College at Sandhurst.

Entering the Army in 1888, he first saw service with the Royal Irish Rifles in the Nile Campaign of 1889. Seven years ago he was seconded for service with the Royal Niger Company, and served as Adjutant to the force in the Niger-Soudan Campaign of 1897. In the two following years he served with the combined Imperial troops and Royal Niger Company's troops, winning mentions in despatches and his D.S.O. In 1899 he left the West African Frontier Force for the South African Campaign; but is now back in a country and engaged in a kind of warfare of which his knowledge is that of an expert.



Photo. Maull and Fox.  
COLONEL A. FESTING, D.S.O.,  
Commanding the Aro Expedition.

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M. Szell, the Prime Minister of Hungary, has received the thanks of the British Government for his vigorous protest against the disgraceful imputations on the British character. Our nation, M. Szell has been officially assured, will "ever be grateful to him." He is himself a rare example of political gratitude, for he remembers what Hungary owes to British sympathy, and he declines to believe that the people who befriended Kossuth are the infamous oppressors and butchers denounced by the Continental Press.

British refugees are returning to Johannesburg at the rate of four hundred a week, and the normal industry of that city is rapidly reviving. This seems to annoy some people, who write as if it were disgraceful to resume the working of gold-mines when the war is still going on. They regard the chief industry of the Transvaal as a blot upon religion. That was not the view of Mr. Kruger.



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## HER LAST WORD.

By MAARTEN MAARTENS.

\*

Illustrated by F. H. Townsend.

"LISTEN—you!" she said.

They were in the room together, the drawing-room, over-heated, heavy with flowers and perfumes, the festive drawing-room, with the candles burning yellow beside the dying fire.

Their daughter's wedding was over: the last guests had departed—relations: the hour was four of the afternoon—a drizzly, foggy November afternoon.

"What a day for a wedding!" he yawned. "Well, as long as Sissie's happy! Women that marry are always happy, aren't they?"

"Oh, always!" she answered. He started at the tone of her voice, quite new to him, listened, looked. Then he came round behind her chair, a white-haired, well-groomed beau of some five-and-fifty, pleasant to look at, admirably dressed.

"You, at any rate, are happy, darling," he said; "have always been happy, haven't you?" He caressed with light fingers the nape of her neck. "All we can wish for our daughters is that they should be as happy as you."

"They must take their chance," she said sadly. "So the last of them is gone. God grant she may love him!"

"Of course she will love him. All good wives love their husbands, don't they? Fancy a daughter of yours not loving her husband!" Again he caressed the small curls about her neck. "Say you love me—quick!"

He did not wait for her answer, but moved towards the door. "I am going to my club for an hour," he said. It was then she arrested him.

"Listen—you!" she said. She had risen and turned towards him—a matron verging on fifty, a handsome woman still.

"Why, Alice, what on earth—"

"Hush!" she said. "Listen! Let me speak. At last."

For a moment they remained opposite each other, motionless; he astonished, she seeking for breath.

"I have borne you two sons and three daughters," she began. "The last of them left the house this day."

"An undoubted fact," he said, laughing a little uneasily, because of that strangeness in her manner. "We have been very lucky about the daughters. Of course we have both done our best"

"Lucky!" she echoed. "Marriage is the one happiness for a woman! You have always thought that."

"Well, so it is, isn't it? Do you know of a better?"

"No. It is the supreme happiness. I mean, it may be. But not the being married, as you seem to think—anyhow."

"Sissie's is a very decent match. Her husband seems a good enough sort of fellow, in his way. I fancy—"

"What do you fancy?"

"They will rub on well enough—like most people."

She swept round to the dying fire with a groan. "My daughters' souls!" she said; "my daughters' souls!"

He came back from the door. "You are over-tired," he said, "and nervous. Have some black coffee, and lie down a bit before dinner. Days like these are a great strain. You'll be all right after a rest."

"If only I could be sure they loved their husbands!" she said, still staring into the fire. "I often think that Mary—Mary—"

"You wrong her," he put in quickly. "Don't go suggesting things to Mary, for Heaven's sake. She's romantic; and there are no more romances in these days. Romance don't pay. Her husband ain't half a bad sort, if she only knew how to manage him. He's got plenty of money, and if he likes to enjoy himself—"

"Don't," she said. "Mary is most like me. Well," she laughed discordantly, "they must take their chance—like me. We can do almost everything for our children except ensure the happiness of their married life."

"If they are all as lucky as you," he said, "we shall have no cause to complain."

"You are fond of that word 'lucky,'" she answered. "Have I been lucky?"

"Oh, well, you know what I mean," he said, bridling. "Don't make a fellow ridiculous without reason. When I say 'lucky,' I mean, of course, that things have turned out well. And—look here—Alice—I've never known you so strange as you are to-night—admit that you might have got a worse husband than me."

"Yes," she said slowly. "Oh, yes, I might have got a far worse husband than you."

"That's a good girl. Why, we've loved each other for nearly thirty years. Give me a kiss before I run away to the club."

"No!" she screamed. "Stop! I must speak to-night. Before you leave the room. I want to say it all. Listen! Sit down! Listen! Let me speak!"

He sat down in a maze, shook out a cuff.

"You say I have loved you for nearly thirty years," she spoke, standing before him. "I thank God in Heaven you say that. I have been a true wife, and honourable to you—have I not? I have brought up the children; I have



"Great Heavens! don't let's grow melodramatic."



loved them and cared for them; they have had a happy home. You also have always had a happy home—say, have you not?"

"My dear Alice, you have always been the best of wives, and I"—he smiled up at her.

"I have always been the best of husbands"—were you going to say that?"

"Well, no. That sounds idiotic for a man to say of himself. Still—"

"I do not aver that you have been a bad husband to me: we have got on very well. I have done all I could: we have not been unsuccessful."

"Why! you speak as if you had never cared for me!"

"No!"—her voice grew sadly solemn—"that would not be true. I cared for you a good deal—once. I really liked you, Reginald, when we first married. I honestly liked you and admired you, with an honest girl's liking for the man who has asked her to be his wife. I think I might well have got to love you in time."

"Alice! My God—Alice!"

"Oh, don't make yourself nervous! I have never loved any other man. I have met men I thought I might have loved had I been married to them, but quite possibly I would have proved mistaken."

"But I! Me! Do you mean to say you never loved me? What in Heaven's name do you mean? And I, who have loved you all my life long, and—"

She turned round upon him.

"Have you ever loved me for anything but yourself?" she said.

"I don't understand what you mean? You can't know yourself! You haven't any idea what you're saying! Do take some black coffee, and—"

"I know what I am saying too well. For more than twenty years I have been waiting to say it. I have tried to say it once or twice in a different way—very different—but I left off trying. I saw how completely useless it was. It could do no good. Only harm."

"Then why say it now?"

A great light came into her eyes. "Ah!" she said, "the last child has left the house to-day. They are all married now. Their happiness is in their own hands. I can do no more. We are alone in the house to-night."

"And that is why you seize the opportunity to say a lot of unpleasant things to me—things you cannot possibly mean!"

"Oh, no," she answered vehemently, "it isn't that. Don't think it is that. I should never have been uselessly unkind to you. I never have been. But see here: the whole thing is over now. It is over, don't you understand? Oh, how shall I ever make you understand? How shall I ever say what I want to say?" She faltered, and caught at the back of a chair.

"What is over?" he asked in a daze.

"Everything is over—the strain, the life-long annoyance, the worry, the grievance. It is over. It can be over. It *must* be over. I leave the house to-night."

"You are mad!" he cried.

"No, I am not mad. I want to tell you gently; but I want to tell you clearly, too. I haven't cared for other people—at least, not too much. I think I might have loved you, I feel sure. But I have said that before. Reginald, remember our long life together. I have always done what you liked: I have worn the things you wanted me to wear—always—exactly as you wanted me to wear them; I have known the people you wanted me to know, and had them to dinner, and asked them to stay with us. Oh, I know they were quite nice people: I am not denying that. If we have ever quarrelled it has been about the children—*only* about the children—admit that."

"Yes," he said sullenly.

"You have always had your own way in everything all these eight-and-twenty years. At first, I—I tried to have my own way sometimes—in little matters—but—but—"

She broke off impatiently. "I cannot stand scenes," she went on, with a change of voice. "I am not that sort of woman. Perhaps it would have been wiser—I cannot help myself. Things have gone very smoothly since." She waited. There was a moment's listening silence, and the ticking of the clock.

"You have never once asked," she said dully, her sad eyes again fixed on the embers, "never once asked what I should have liked."

"Why, you had everything you could possibly want. And, besides, it is absurd to say that I never asked what you wanted to do. You make me out a ridiculous Bluebeard!" He spoke hotly. "And everyone knows that, whatever my faults may be, I have always been one of the most good-natured of men. As a boy—"

"Of course you have let me choose in trifles," she interrupted, "matters of no importance—whether we should go to Yorkshire or the Highlands, and things of that kind, occasionally. No, you are not a bit like Bluebeard. But you have never once asked me what I really wanted to do. And—and"—her voice sank into depths of sad memory—"you have never once seen when I was tired."

He stared at her.

"Please don't let there be any recriminations. They are quite unnecessary, and so useless after twenty-eight years! You see, I am going away to-night. You must not want to keep me. It would be quite useless. Everything is useless now."

"But what—may I ask—do you intend to do?"

"Oh, I shall not disgrace you, or myself, in any way. No, nor the children. We have each got our own money, haven't we? I shall go and live very quietly in the country, not too far from London; for I must come up and see the children often. I shall not be in your way. And I shall now go sometimes and hear some good music—you never would go, as you know; or, if you went, you yawned, and showed me you hated it. And I shall give up society, the endless dinners and receptions and things I always hated. So you see I shall not be in your way."

"Any more?" he asked ironically, in his wrath and his despair.

"Yes, I shall see more of my mother's relatives, whom I used to be so fond of—the cousins I grew up with, whom you cut because you said they were Papists."

"Well, so they are—and you such a good Church-woman."

"For that very reason I do not mind. I should not have minded either, had you been a religious man, if religion had been your motive in cutting them."

"I hate Papists," he said moodily.

"Yes," she answered in the same gentle voice; "and so we cut Archie and his wife, and the rest. But now I shall see them again, if they will have me. And I shall go to some watering-place for my rheumatism, to Aix-les-Bains, which Dr. Denison said he thought would very likely cure me, if I don't put it off again."

"I am sure I should have been quite willing to go to Aix-les-Bains," he objected, "if you really had thought it would do you good. All these foreign watering-places are rot, I imagine. Give me the air of our English moors."

"Yes, and the shooting," she said: a white gleam of hatred flickered across her pale blue eyes.

"I have done my duty," she said, speaking steadily. "Before God, I have done my duty. He cannot expect me to do more. I have been a faithful wife to you all this time, the keeper of your home. I have often thought it out: the end would come. That has helped me through. I have a right to what is left of my life. Why, I am still almost a young woman. I may live thirty years more." She shuddered. "My mother is still alive, and she is nearly eighty."

"Oh, well, look here, you must do as you please," he said. But the ruse, if such it was, failed utterly. He thought it had succeeded, for she sank her face upon her hands, and he could see that she was crying.

"Come," he said soothingly, with the easy soothing which irritates. "You are nervous. You don't know what you've been saying. Lie down and have some strong—"

He gently put his hand against her neck. She started up as if he had stung her. She was away at a bound to the other end of the room. "Don't touch me!" she cried. "Never, never—you will never touch me again! I loathe you! I detest you! Oh, my God, why do you make me say it? I wanted to go without saying it. Why won't you let me go without saying it? I loathe the very touch of your hand, the very sound of your voice! I loathe you for treating me all these years like your servant, your spaniel, your plaything! Great Heavens! don't let's grow melodramatic!" She stopped, shook her head, and stood still.

"Do not let us part in anger," she said, holding out her hand. But he did not take it, lolling miserably against the wall.

She walked slowly towards the door, and his eyes followed her.

"Not a word of farewell?" he said inconsistently.

She turned by the door. "Yes," she said softly. "God bless you. God forgive me if I am acting selfishly. I do not think so. It seems to me I am doing right. You will be quite as happy without me—happier; and we have all only one life. I cannot stay on thus, in these thoughts, these feelings, daily. It is wickedness. I am damning my own soul."

He stood looking at her. She turned again, very slowly, and went out at the door, and closed it behind her.

He, as the lock sank into the slot, took to pacing the room to and fro, up and down. He did so for some minutes, in the dullness of the sinking candles, the vague atmosphere of fog behind the curtains, the dying fire. Then he stood still, in the middle of the drawing-room, and drew out his cigar-case and lit a cigar.

THE END.

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## AN OXFORD TYPE.

Oxford, said Matthew Arnold in his majestic eulogy, is haunted by "the last enchantments of the Middle Ages." Every poor scholar on one of her ancient foundations has felt that. But time has carried many reforms. The many change and pass. So that it is not to be expected that the same types should often survive. Reading the "Microcosmography," however, one of those good old books that are so much the better for being old, we cannot believe that it was mostly written before 1629; for many of its characters are just the same to-day. John Earle, the author, was a Fellow of Merton, finally Bishop of Salisbury, and the wittiest Churchman of his day. His Oxford characters are peculiarly fresh. In his delightful book we find "a mere young gentleman of the University"—"one that comes there to wear a gown and to say hereafter he has been at the University." There is the old college butler who is "never so well pleased" as when a gentleman is "beholding to him for showing him the Buttery." There is, above all, the "University dun," who is "a sore beleaguerer of chambers," yet "finds strong resistance commonly, and is kept out." To-day his methods are subtler. He pleads "a bad year for trade," or "weak health," or "imminent retirement," as if an Oxford tradesman would ever have the heart to retire! He desires "more of your esteemed orders." And there are solicitors. But excepting the details of olden violence, the description still holds good.

It is to be wished that Earle had fixed more of these Oxford types. In them the psychologist might have found strange matter for a comparison of the manners of a twentieth century with a seventeenth-century college servant, or "scout." In his account of a player I find these features: He is "seldom in his own face" and "seldom in his clothes"; so, too, with the scout of to-day; and I would not willingly let die—as they say of friends' verses—these and some other distinctions of old Hilary Smiles, a college retainer in my time.

I should like to have known Hilary's tailor. The craftsman who could make a coat like his must have been no ordinary man. He must have had a genius for style, for fitting aptest clothes to men. The coat is the man: if Buffon had said that, foolish controversy had not worn away two centuries. Hilary's coat was what it was for many reasons that are not to be adapted to our limited human vocabulary; yet it was partly because of the pockets, which were as many and as wonderful as those of Panurge in Rabelais. Its physiognomy was as subtly varied and expressive as La Gioconda. I have hinted that this sphinx-like garment suited Hilary: but, indeed, a poor man ever looks well in his clothes; he becomes them perfectly.

Hilary, though past middle age, was that anomaly known technically as a "boy," subordinate to the scout. He will probably die still a boy. Yet, like Tithonus, though nominally young, he daily withered: calling him "boy," I was often abashed. Nevertheless he was happy enough, especially when, late in the day, looking like Time with "wallet on his back," he left the college laden with other men's goods, odd scraps, half-empty flagons of wine, and innumerable jars of Hooper's marmalade—those "learning's crumbs" that undergraduates never miss. Every pocket, too, was full; for Hilary was one of the most successful pilferers educated according to his own sect of Nonconformity. His was a "neat running hand" without flourishes. There was something, however, which took the heart out of any vow of revenge in the quaint bagging of his nether garment as seen from behind. It spoke eloquently of harmlessness—it spoke of a large family to feed.

With all his faults Hilary had the toleration that the vicious generously extend to the good, but do not so often receive in return. He spent much of his time in a college basement. There, while we upstairs were reading and talking of life, the servants enjoyed the "life of life": they really lived. More than all the rest, Hilary seemed to find a sharp relish in the everyday taste of things. I have seen him, when apparently only smoking one of my cigarettes, smile and chuckle as if he were committing a new and fearful sin. Feeble as his brain might be, I have heard many a man of his own condition silenced ignominiously by the jawbone of this ass; for he had a gift of coarse, unanswerable repartee. Something, too, he had picked up from the conversation of his masters. And he had read a little. I have caught him loitering sometimes over a catalogue of books. But I shall never forget how he explained, with all deference to me, in my first term, that I ought to be careful in my choice of books, "because, you see, Sir, they might corrupt the scout." The scout was, of course, an object of contempt in his inferior's eyes. Pleasure for its own sake never suited Hilary. Evil was his forte—something which had to be done under the glance of suspicion. Consequently, a more abject expression than his, at a time of inoffensive leisure, is unimaginable. Such moments gave him agony. On Sunday evenings I have met him smoking a cigar as he went homeward, while the bells were pealing. He always smoked a bad cigar on Sundays, whether by way of penance or as a social distinction I could never discover. I first mistook him for a shade, then for a poacher; the only other alternative was Hilary Smiles.





"THE MAN OF SORROWS."

ONE OF THE LATE SIR NOEL PATON'S GREATEST PICTURES.

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PANTOMIMES AT THE LONDON THEATRES.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.



"BLUE BEARD" AT DRURY LANE.



PANTOMIMES AT THE LONDON THEATRES.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.



1. ALADDIN AND THE PRINCESS.

2. THE MAGICIAN SUMMONS THE SLAVE OF THE LAMP.

3. WIDOW TWANKEY OBJECTS TO PUBLIC EXECUTIONERS.

"ALADDIN" AT THE HIPPODROME.



THE APPOINTMENT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES TO THE COLONELCY-IN-CHIEF  
OF THE ROYAL WELSH FUSILIERS.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



THE UNIFORMS OF THE REGIMENT FROM 1752 TO THE PRESENT DAY.



THE OPENING UP OF NIGERIA: THE EXPEDITION AGAINST THE AROS.



THE STARTING-POINT AND BASE OF THE EXPEDITION AGAINST THE AROS: THE CONSULAR POST AT AKWETTA, ON THE BONNY RIVER.

DRAWN BY G. MONTBARD FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN L. C. KOE, R.G.R.



A ROYAL SALUTE ON THE KING'S BIRTHDAY, 1901, AT JEBBA, NIGERIA.

DRAWN BY HOLLAND TRINGHAM FROM A SKETCH BY J. A. RAYE.

*The island of Jebba is a rocky, barren station, as uncomfortable as it is unhealthy. The building over which the flag is flying is the Commandant's house, the hut to the right the "Officers' Quarters." The cone-shaped huts are thatched stables.*



## THE OPENING UP OF NIGERIA: THE EXPEDITION AGAINST THE AROS.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM SKETCHES BY J. A. RAYE.



THE KING'S BIRTHDAY AT JEBBA, THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE 1ST NORTHERN NIGERIA REGIMENT: THE BATTERY ON ITS WAY TO FIRE THE ROYAL SALUTE.

*The guns are carried slung from bamboos attached to a strong flat crosspiece. The bearers support them on their heads. The River Niger is on the left of the picture. In the centre is a "Fuju" rock, from which, it is said, a "Fuju" man, after holding a large human sacrifice, cursed the country. Any white man who ascends the rock, the natives say, will die within the year. The present expedition is to crush Fuju fetishism among the hitherto inaccessible Aros.*



EMBARKATION OF THE 1ST NORTHERN NIGERIA REGIMENT AT JEBBA ON ITS WAY TO JOIN THE ARO EXPEDITION.



THE LATE E. ONSLOW FORD AND HIS WORK.



SIR HENRY IRVING AS HAMLET.

THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

THE LATE E. ONSLOW FORD.  
Born, July 27, 1841; Died, Dec. 21, 1901.

THE MONUMENT TO GENERAL GORDON.





S N A P D R A G O N .

DRAWN BY EDWARD READ.



## LITERATURE.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

*The Embarrassing Orphan.* By W. E. Norris. (London: Methuen. 6s.)  
*The Cavalier.* By G. W. Cable. (London: John Murray. 6s.)  
*Circumstance.* By S. Weir Mitchell. (London: Macmillan. 6s.)  
*The Alien.* By F. F. Montresor. (London: Methuen. 6s.)  
*Rome: The Eternal City.* By Clara Erskine Clement. Two vols. (London: Gay and Bird. 25s.)  
*Dreams and Their Meanings.* By Horace G. Hutchinson. (London: Longmans, Green. 9s. 6d.)  
*King Monmouth: A History of the Career of James Scott, "the Protestant Duke," 1672-1685.* By Allan Fea. (London: Lane. 21s.)  
*Life of Major-General Sir Robert Murdoch Smith.* By William Kirk Dickson. (Edinburgh: Blackwoods. 15s.)

Mr. W. E. Norris is the novelist who never fails us. His early work taught the readers of fiction to look to him for entertainment of a wonderfully high order, and novels that seldom or never disappoint them keep flowing from his pen. "Flowing from the pen" is a more than usually correct figure in the case of Mr. Norris's stories, for (putting the matter of them on one side for the moment) their flowing manner is half their art. Their author is the master of the connecting word and phrase and paragraph. There is no abruptness in the narrative, there are no jars, no roughnesses—it is like an easy-fitting glove. And of course—else the result would be too incongruous—the matter matches the manner in its complacent and comfortable ease. The action occurs in the best of best possible societies; though, in a mild and elegant fashion, the silliest and most selfish as well. Mr. Norris can rise into a more strenuous atmosphere, as his "My Friend Jim," for example, showed; but as a rule he keeps to these flowing and untroubled plains. Here in "The Embarrassing Orphan," which we have under review, nothing impolitely crude or violent happens until the episode of the enforced imprisonment at the very end; and that appropriately occurs on foreign soil. Yet we are far from saying that "The Embarrassing Orphan" is a tame and unexciting book. On the contrary, we follow the fortunes of Elsie Britten, the orphan heroine, and Roger, the perfect nephew and hero, with an expectancy which, if not exactly breathless, is certainly not languid. And in the old uncle, Sir Edward Denne, Mr. Norris expends most effectively his finished and sub-acid humour.

Mr. George Cable has been tempted to write a story of the American Civil War. It reminds us of the endless romances that were popular in this country towards the end of that great struggle. The heroine was always a brave Southern girl, a daring horsewoman who used to dash through the Federal lines, and worm secrets out of sentimental Yankees. Mr. Cable has constructed his story on this model, and it is dreadfully out of date. The lady has a wicked husband, and is beloved of a beautiful Confederate officer with curly hair. While the husband lives, their passion is of course concealed, but he is shot at last for various crimes, and then the lovers fall into each other's arms. It is all conventional and mechanical to a tiresome degree. Mr. Cable essays a laboured kind of humour which passes for archness. There is not a real touch of character in the whole book, nor the slightest freshness of incident. It is pleasant to learn that the soldiers on both sides were incarnations of chivalry; but although the tone of "The Cavalier" shows that there is no bitterness now between North and South, it takes all the life out of the subject.

A novel like "Circumstance" is a pleasant reminder that all our writers are not occupied in the task of feeding a silly public with sillier sensations. If we are disheartened sometimes by the plethora of rubbish which is innocently accepted as letters by the mob, at other times we are surprised and cheered by many evident signs that an increasing number of active brains are at work to interpret life by way of letters, to study it with an honest sincerity. How much finer and more serviceable such fiction is than the meretricious babble of the society novel or the impossible nonsense of the sensational romance, we need not labour to establish. It is sufficiently plain to all but the purblind. Sufficiently plain, too, it is that Dr. Weir Mitchell's novel belongs to the more excellent division. Here we have a man profiting by his vast experience of human nature as a doctor, and turning to account a thousand accurate observations, psychological and physiological, which he has made about his fellow-men. Thus his work is founded on reality. We feel it to be true. And feeling it to be true, we know it to be serviceable, for it extends our knowledge of human nature, and teaches us lessons without preaching them. We by no means assert that "Circumstance" is a great book. But it is a true book; certain aspects of human nature well realised and faithfully shown in facile and easy-flowing English. The narrative is too easy, in fact, to shock us by a sudden brilliance. It is not arresting, it is only true. And Doctor Mitchell has the inestimable advantage of being on the side of the angels. We feel instinctively that the man who wrote this book has a gracious and kindly view of human life.

"The Alien" is, in many respects, a very good story—such a story as, appearing in a happier age, (when fiction "less weltered to confuse the world") would be sure of a hearing and esteem. As it is, it may

disappear in the mass of rubbish which the untiring printing-press keeps voiding by the hour. For in spite of the excellent realism of the characters, there is a graciousness in its tone and a mildness in its thinking which may cause it to remain unnoticed where books more violent would demand applause. Briefly, the story is concerned with the attempt of Mrs. Mordaunt to substitute her son ("the alien") as heir to the property which ought to go to Major Iredale at her death. The character of the fierce yet fondly affectionate old woman is excellently realised. Good fellow though the Major is, she detests him as a prig even more than as a man who is waiting for her death to step into her shoes. We feel that, even if there had been none of the complications that go to make the story, Mrs. Mordaunt could never have got on with the Major. An excellent foil to the irascible old dame is the gentle and honourable Esther, who is full of pitying affection for the hardy adventurer, the old woman's son, yet detests him for his would-be fraud. But Jasper, "the alien" himself, is the triumph of the book. Miss Montresor makes us understand the man, and like him, even as Esther did. His courage, his ability, "his honour in the midst of shame," compel the reader's admiration. Equally well drawn are his rival, the Major, a priggy but gallant Englishman; and his wife, Maravilla, who left him, for his soul's sake, at the bidding of her faith. It is not a great book, perhaps, but it is very honest and sincere.

There is a type of American woman, often met with in Europe, who is herself a living encyclopædia of knowledge concerning places which other people pass by or lightly linger in for a day or a week, and remember afterwards mostly by their meals. What sort of food you got at this hotel, and how it was cooked at that, is not infrequently the most lively impression carried away by the visitor to foreign parts. But the American woman who fixes the site of an ancient battle, and where the General stood when he met his death, and

perhaps the most beautiful sight to be seen in St. Peter's, a church which has little beauty and yet greatly enthalls.

Mr. Hutchinson has made a useful and amusing book about dreams, helped by the experience of many correspondents. He does not think much of dream-interpreters, ancient or modern, and points out that as the philosophical explanation of dreaming is the suspension of the reasoning faculty and the unchecked excursions of the imagination, it is impossible to make us responsible for these fantasies. It is commonly supposed that in sleep the imagination plays with impressions stored by the brain in the course of the day; but how far these are conscious impressions cannot be determined. The brain takes in so much without our knowledge that what we may regard as a startling revelation in a dream may be the exercise of memory on material supplied by the sub-conscious self. In the ordinary dreams of flying, falling down precipices, and walking into crowded rooms with nothing on, it is plain that nothing is at work save a freakish fancy. There is an idea that falling down a precipice means death if you reach the bottom; but one of Mr. Hutchinson's correspondents is often dashed to pieces, which are put together by a "detached ego." Another has met a violent end in every conceivable form, hanging, burning, beheading, and death by military execution. With the dreams that take the form of premonitions Mr. Hutchinson does not concern himself, but hands over the subject to a sympathetic student of the evidence accumulated by the Psychical Research Society. A good deal of it concerns that mysterious intercourse of mind with mind that is called telepathy. When it is considered how little we know about the functions of the brain, there is nothing in telepathy that is too marvellous for belief.

Mr. Fea has not only produced an admirably illustrated volume, but has enriched our national gallery by an interesting portrait. His book on Monmouth shows evidence of thorough research, though it is very limited in scope. It is not an account of the "life and times" of Lucy Walters' popular son, but an attempt to disentangle the figure of the Duke from the general history of England. Probably the reigns of Charles II. and James II. are as well known to the public as any: have we not Pepys and Macaulay, both prejudiced, both popular? Yet about Monmouth there is a hazy impression at best. He was supposed to stand for Protestantism and liberty against Rome and tyranny; he was charming in his demeanour; he was sent to his doom by a wicked uncle. And then his reputed father's son could hardly be expected to be a St. Louis. Mr. Fea is not unsympathetic, but he leaves Monmouth with the false tinsel stripped away. The young man was physically brave, and he was not cruel. Here commendation practically ends. He was an ungrateful son (for probably he did not doubt his paternity, though we may), a treacherous politician, an evil liver, an incredibly fatuous schemer. And this man was the popular idol! Altogether too light a thing for the tragedy which closed his erratic life. Mr. Fea possesses ample topographical and historical knowledge, and writes agreeably. Perhaps the most telling description in the book is the sketch of saturnine Dutch William, who, it is practically certain, egged the young fool on to his doom, thus getting a dangerous rival out of the way, and at the same time shaking James's throne.

The name of Sir Robert Murdoch Smith is identified with three important pieces of work—the discovery of the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus, for his share in which he never received the credit undoubtedly deserved; the archaeological researches at Cyrene in 1861, which he undertook on his own initiative and at his own expense, to the great enrichment of the national collections; and the laying and maintenance of the telegraph line through Persia, which was the real work of his life. How much Sir Charles (then Mr.) Newton owed to the skill and intelligent insight of the young Engineer officer who was attached to his party of exploration in Asia Minor would never have been known but for the discovery only last year of copies of the voluminous letters Sir Robert wrote at the time to Sir John Burgoyne. These letters, as Mr. Kirk Dickson remarks, are notable productions for a young man of one-and-twenty, and they occupy a considerable share of the book—more space, perhaps, than due regard for proportion should have permitted when the importance, both direct and indirect, of Sir Robert's twenty-three years' work in Persia is concerned. As Sir Charles Newton's assistant in Asia Minor, the young sapper gave proof of ingenuity, foresight, and care; as a pioneer investigator at Cyrene a year later, he found difficulties with which he had not been required to cope at Halicarnassus, in the shape of hostile and truculent natives bent on obstruction and blackmail; and in dealing with these obstacles he evinced possession of the qualities which so peculiarly fitted him for the task in store. A line of 1250 miles had to be made through a troublesome country "with Persian materials, at Persian expense, by a handful of foreigners, whom every man in the kingdom, from the Shah downwards, regarded as pestilent interlopers." Only born diplomatists endowed with sympathetic comprehension of the Oriental mind could have done the work, and in the doing have established on a lasting basis the cordial understanding which still continues between Persia and England; and Sir Robert bore in the task a very prominent part.



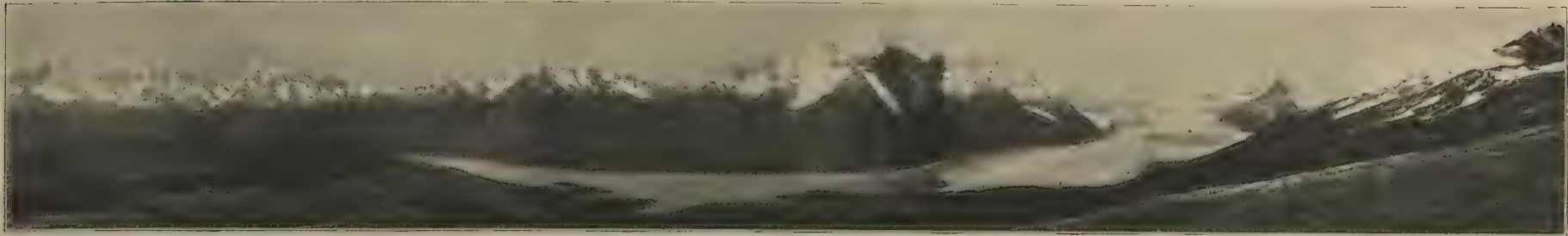
THE INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S.

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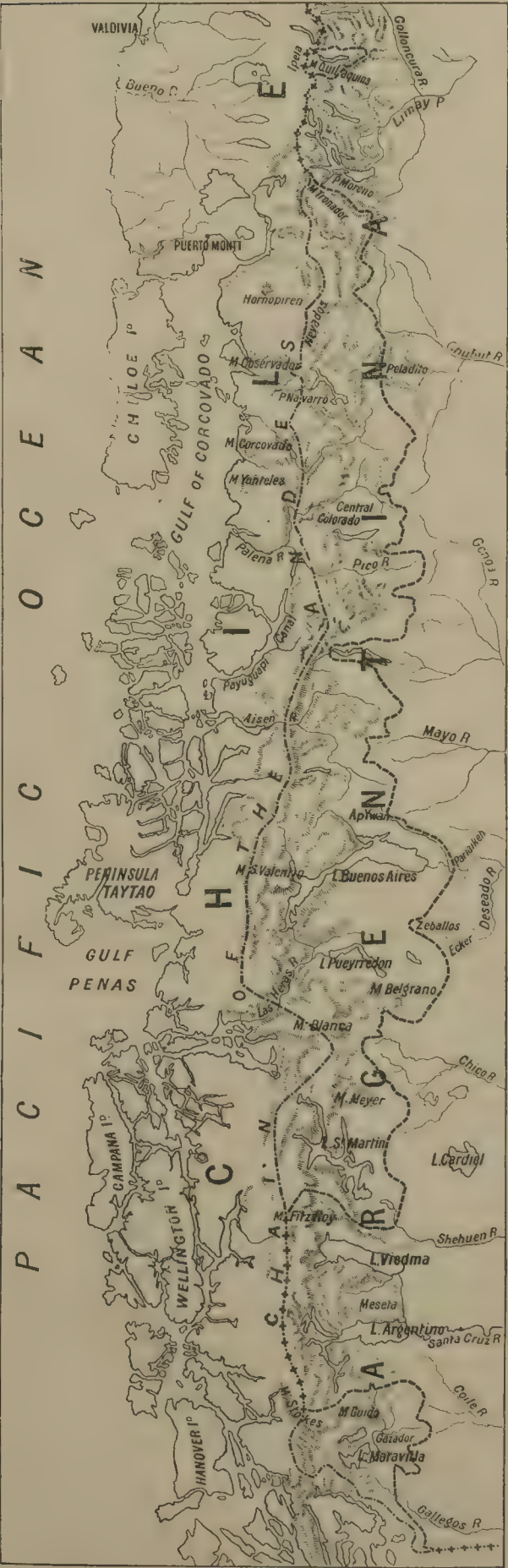
has convincing reasons for believing, against the opinion of the mediæval historian, that it was fought on a Thursday and not on a Friday; the American woman who, after a week or two, knows more of your own city than you know yourself, who shows you the gateway in Holborn through which Thomas Aquinas certainly, and Dante probably, passed, and then points to a window which is the successor to that through which Keats looked when he invoked the nightingale—this lady of vast and varied stores of information ought certainly to put a larger public than that of her personal friends on the tracks which she has trodden with so much determination and even with something of the zeal of the discoverer. Very welcome, therefore, are the two volumes in which Clara Erskine Clement leads you by both your hands through the ways and byways of Rome. In no city is such a guide so great a necessity. Rome, despite her vast monuments of antiquity, distresses you until you find that she is far more than at first sight she seems. The pang of disappointment felt by the unwarned visitor when he reaches this great goal of his desires, and finds "Roma" written up in the station—his own London not deigning thus to label herself—this pang will be repeated time and again as he goes through streets of modern—often of meanly modern—shops; and will be again and again repeated when he finds that the Renaissance has wiped from the face of Rome nearly all her early history in that flowering-time of her romance—her association with young Christianity. The sixteenth century obliterated its predecessors above ground; and the earlier Church has now to be sought, as in its very first years, underground in the Catacombs. All the hidden things are revealed, all the abolished things are recalled, in this capital guide-book, where, in dealing with treasures still to be seen, the writer has had the aid of the illustrator with excellent effect. This is particularly the case with the statuary. St. Peter's, as it is out of scale with man, is also out of scale with the camera; and but a small section of it can be captured in such an illustration as that now reproduced. The spirit, as well as the size, of that scene seems to be lost; for the memory of the lights, each one a transfigured crucifix, burning round the tomb of the Apostles can never be extinguished in memory as



THE FRONTIER DISPUTE BETWEEN CHILE AND ARGENTINA.



THE SCENE OF THE ALLEGED CHILIAN AGGRESSION : THE MEETING-POINT OF THE FRONTIER LINES IN THE ULTIMA ESPERANZA DISTRICT.



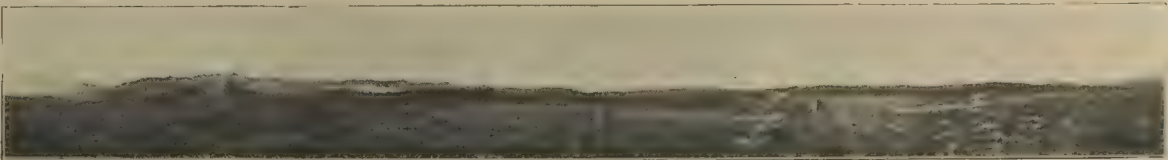
MAP ILLUSTRATING THE FRONTIER DISPUTE BETWEEN CHILE AND ARGENTINA.

EXPLANATION :

- +- Frontier definitely agreed upon, along the Watershed of the Cordillera of the Andes, by Treaties of 1881, 1893, and Arbitration of 1898.
- Frontier proposed by the Argentine Boundary Commissioner.
- Frontier proposed by the Chilean Boundary Commissioner. From this Chile's desire for territory east of the Andes is apparent.



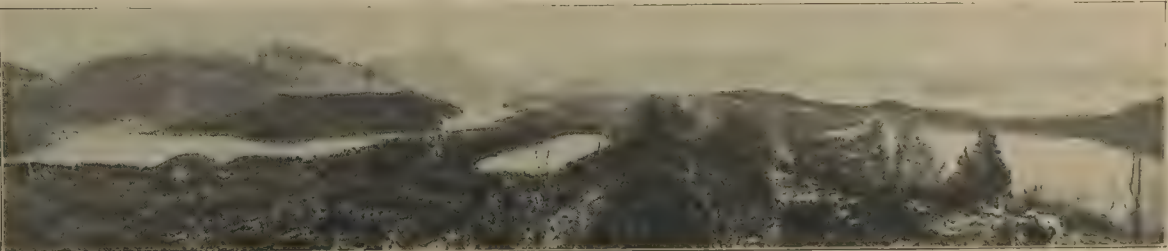
PART OF THE WATERSHED : PANORAMIC VIEW TAKEN FROM THE BEND OF THE RIVER VIZCACHAS.



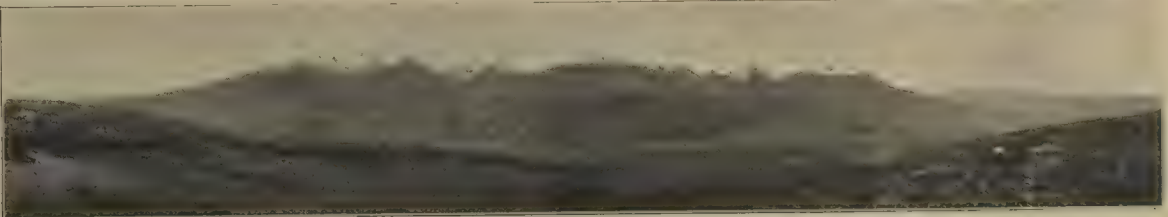
ON THE LINE OF THE FRONTIER CLAIMED BY CHILE : PANORAMIC VIEW FROM THE NORTH OF MONT PELADITO.



THE ACTUAL BOUNDARY IN DISPUTE : THE WATERSHED OF THE CORDILLERA OF THE ANDES.



LAKE NAHUEL HUAPI : AT THE WESTERN EXTREMITY OF WHICH IS THE PASS OF PEREZ ROSALES, THE EASIEST ROAD FROM ARGENTINA TO CHILE.



TERRITORY CLAIMED BY ARGENTINA AND CHILE : THE VALLEY OF THE CARRÉN-LEUFU. This valley is the point at which the River Carren-Leufu turns to the west before entering the Cordillera.



IN THE HEART OF THE ANDES : CROSSING A PASS FROM CHILE TO ARGENTINA.



THE FRONTIER : THE ARGENTINE SLOPE OF THE ANDES.



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I suppose there is nobody at all who does not love and admire the horse as the faithful, willing, obedient, and useful servant of man. I never see a great, good-tempered dray-horse, with his big kindly eyes, responding to the call of his driver to set his muscles in order and to haul along his heavy load, but I think of the patient service of lower life to man. Then the varieties of the horse species must strike us as interesting in the extreme. They are as multifarious almost as are the varieties of dogs. From the big dray-horse to the tiny pony, from the stalwart gelding to the slim-legged racer, from the cart-horse to the hunter or carriage-horse, we may, and do, find immense differences in size, colour, and other characteristics which certainly go far to make for specific distinctions in the case of other animals. Yet the modern belief is, of course, that all these breeds are mere varieties of one species, and that species is believed to be the wild horse—the *Equus caballus*—of Mid Asia.

Mr. R. Lydekker has of late days been making a study of a new species of horse, specimens of which are now resident at Woburn Abbey, where they have been domiciled by the Duke of Bedford. It would seem that some twenty years gone by, a certain Colonel Przewalski came across a horse in the deserts of Mongolia which was duly dubbed "Przewalski's horse," in honour of its discoverer. From the first, naturalists suspected that this horse was a species distinct of itself, and therefore not a mere variety of the ordinary wild horse. Only one specimen was obtained. Later on others came to hand, and from an examination of the cardinal points of the animal, the idea of its distinct nature was strengthened. The Duke of Bedford, it appears, has acquired twelve colts of Przewalski's horse. They were bought from that king of dealers, Mr. Carl Hagenbeck, of Hamburg. Therefore, English zoologists will have the opportunity of studying the new horse in the flesh as a living entity, and doubtless when death overtakes any member of the herd, its body will be handed over to science for the due anatomical examination of its frame.

The colts are described as having been born last year. They resemble ponies rather than horses, and the opinion is expressed that in size the mature creature will not exhibit large proportions. The fact of this character appearing in a wild race would argue in favour of its probably representing a distinct species; that is to say, a race of horses which may be presumed to be a natural group is entitled to have its size regarded as one of its own special features. The muzzles are white in eleven out of the twelve colts at Woburn. The ears are short, and the tails Mr. Lydekker describes as being well provided with hair to near the roots. There are, however, variations to be noted in the conformation of the tail. The winter coat is of a dun hue, while darker colour prevails on the front of the legs. Mane and tail are also dark-coloured. The mane stands upright, but is also described as tending to fall over. The forelock is not well developed, nor is the dark stripe along the back seen in the horse family at large well marked. The callosities or horny excrescences seen on the legs of horses and asses exist in the case of Przewalski's horse on both fore and hind limbs.

With regard to the hoofs, these are noted to be of the larger proportions which distinguish the horses from the ass tribe. Taking the whole history of this horse into account as far as it can be detailed at present, the opinion may be held that, as Mr. Lydekker puts it, the ordinary wild horse, the Kiang or Asiatic wild ass, and Przewalski's horse constitute of themselves the true horses, while the ordinary asses and zebras, with the African wild ass, form a second and different group of the family. In these true horses a shoulder-stripe is usually wanting, as also are dark markings on the legs.

This is an interesting record of the family history of our good friend the horse. But there are other phases of its history that are even more remarkable than those which relate to its living neighbours. How many people know, for example, that the horse is a one-toed animal, and that it walks on the third toe of each foot, which has its nail in the shape of the hoof? When we examine the skeleton of the horse's leg—fore or hind leg—we see this single toe, which is the third, and corresponds, therefore, to the middle digit on our hand and foot. On each side of this well-developed toe are two splint-bones, which are rudiments of two missing toes, the second and fourth. If it be asked how we know this, I reply, first, because occasionally horses are born with the second and fourth toes fairly developed, and, secondly, because the geological history of the horse supplies us with all the missing links from the one-toed horse of to-day backwards to the five-toed ancestor from which all the horses have been evolved. No doubt exists on this point, for in our museums, and especially in American collections—the fossil horses of that continent being numerous—we have the whole pedigree of the animal set up before our eyes.

We begin with the horse of to-day, and going backwards in time, we come to horses in which the second and fourth toes must have been apparent outside the leg, hanging, useless probably, after the manner of the dew-claws of sheep. Backwards still, and we find horses in which these toes touched the ground, and presented us with a veritable three-toed form. Then we begin to see the rudiment of a fourth toe appearing, and this also increases in size as we pass further back into the geological æons. Finally, we come to the five-toed horse ancestor, which we should not call a horse at all, of course, but which none the less represents the parent stock on which evolution has operated to produce our fleet friend of to-day. There can be no finer or more complete proof of the great fact that evolution is a reality than the history of the horse.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

A G STUBBS.—In your problem, after P takes B, how do you mate?  
MARTIN F.—(1) The specimen you kindly sent of the Evans Gambit shall have early attention. (2) The pieces you speak of as useless are required to prevent another solution.

J KELLY (Glasgow).—Thanks for suggestion, but it is one not easy to put in practice.

F G MIDDLETON.—You may obtain a copy through David Nutt, Long Acre.

F G.—Thanks for problem. We are much obliged for analysis of Black's play.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3002 received from W F Ratnagopal (Wellawatta, Ceylon) and Richard Burke (Teldeniya, Ceylon); of No. 3003 from W F Ratnagopal; of No. 3005 from Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 3006 from C Field junior (Athol, Mass.), Emile Frau, J Bailey (Newark), and Eugene Henry; of No. 3007 from M M Shannon, Emile Frau, M A Eyre (Folkestone), J Bailey, Eugene Henry, Rev. A E Douglas O'Gara (Dover), W H Bohn (Ryde), G Lill (Gringley-on-Hill), and B O Clark (Wolverhampton).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3008 received from Marco Salem (Bologna), J A S Hanbury (Mosley), F Dalby, Emile Frau (Lyons), Edward J Sharpe, F J Griffiths, Sergeant-Major (Dundalk), J F Moon, W H Bohn (Ryde), Fidelitas, J W (Campsie), Reginald Gordon, Major Nangle (Rathmines), Rev. A Mays (Bedford), F J S (Hampstead), Sorrento, S Watson (Leavesden), J Cooper (Beckenham), H T Bailey (Kentish Town), F G Middleton, J Kelly (Glasgow), W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), H Le Jeune, Martin F, F B (Worthing), C E Perugini, Clement C Danby, J Wilson (Highgate), A R Keighley (New Brighton), and Albert Wolff (Putney).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3008.—By J. PAUL TAYLOR.

WHITE.

1. P to K 7th
2. P to K 8th (a Kt) (ch)
3. Kt takes P, mate.

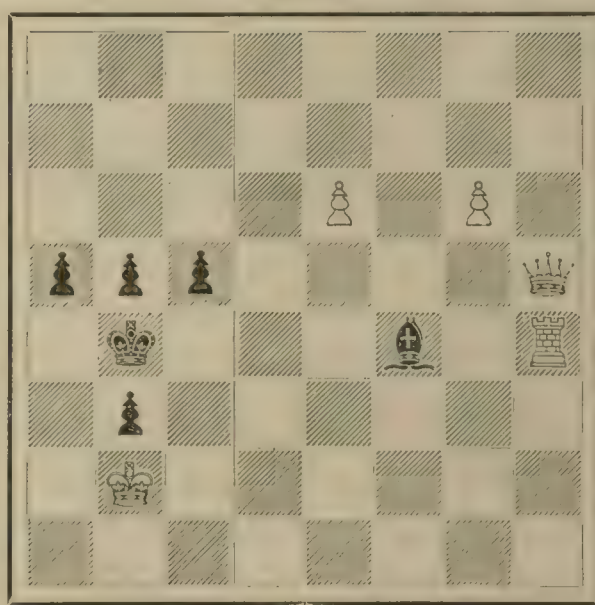
BLACK.

- K to Q 3rd
- K to Q 4th

If Black play 1. P to K 8th (a Kt); 2. P to K 8th (a B), K to Q sq; 3. P to B 7th, mate. If 1. P to K 8th (a Q), 2. P to K 8th (a Q), etc.

PROBLEM No. 3011.—By T. D. CLARKE (Merino, Australia).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played at the City of London Chess Club between Messrs. W. E. BURMEISTER and C. W. C. WEBB.

(Evans Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	R, Kt takes R; 22. B to B 7th (ch), and wins. White's piece is thus retained, and with it the game is won.	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd		
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th		
4. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes P	20. K to Kt sq	
5. P to B 3rd	B to R 4th	21. B to R 4th	R to Q B sq
6. P to Q 4th	P takes P	22. Q to Q 2nd	P to K R 3rd
7. Castles	Q to B 3rd	23. B to K Kt 3rd	Q to B 3rd
Kt to B 3rd or P to Q 3rd should be played as early as possible by Black.		24. Q to K 4th	
8. P to K 5th	Q to Kt 3rd	Good enough, but 24. Kt to Kt 5th, P takes Kt; 25. P takes P is also very effective.	
9. P takes P	B to Kt 3rd	24. K to B 2nd	
10. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	25. B to K 6th	
11. P takes P	P takes P	And here R to K 6th was a sure win. As usual, the gambit produces a lively game.	
12. R to K sq (ch)	K Kt to K 2nd	25. Q takes P (ch)	B takes B
13. Kt to Q 5th	K to Q 2nd	26. Q takes P (ch)	K to Kt 3rd
14. B to K Kt 5th		27. Q R to Kt sq (ch)	K to R 3rd
Or 14. Kt to Kt 5th, threatening Kt takes B P.		28. R takes B	Q to Q sq
15. B to B 4th	P to B 3rd	29. P to Q 5th	Q to R 4th
16. Q to K 2nd	P to B 4th	30. P takes Kt	Q R to Q sq
17. Kt takes Kt	B takes Kt	31. Q to K 7th	Q to Kt 4th
18. B to K Kt 5th	Castles Q R	32. P takes P (ch)	Q to Kt 3rd
19. B takes B	Q R to K sq	33. R (K 6th) Q (ch)	P takes R
20. Q to B 2nd		34. Q to Q B 7th	P to Q Kt 4th
		35. Q to B 6th (ch)	K to R 2nd
		36. B to B 7th	P to Kt 4th
		37. Q to Kt 6th, mate.	

## CHESS IN AUSTRALIA.

Game played by telegraph between VICTORIA and NEW SOUTH WALES.

(Gioco Piano.)

WHITE (Mr. A. W. Britton, N.S.W.)	BLACK (Mr. T. Taylor, Victoria)	WHITE (Mr. A. W. Britton, N.S.W.)	BLACK (Mr. T. Taylor, Victoria)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	19. Kt to Q 5th	Q to R 5th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	20. R to Kt 2nd	Kt to B 3rd
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	21. Kt to K 3rd	Kt takes K P
4. Castles		22. Kt (K 3) to B 5	Q to B 3rd
It is not good to Castle too early in this opening. The opposing player can make plans for an early and troublesome attack.		23. P to Kt 5th	
5. P to Q 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	The best course; but it fails owing to the sound defence.	
6. Kt to B 3rd	P to K R 3rd	23. P takes P	P takes P
7. B to K 3rd	P to Q 3rd	Not Kt takes P, because of the reply Kt to R 6th (ch), followed by Q takes Q, etc.	
8. P to K R 3rd	B to Kt 3rd	25. P to B 3rd	B takes Kt
9. B takes B	Kt to K 2nd	26. Kt takes B	Q to B 4th (ch)
10. P to Q 4th	R P takes B	27. Kt to K 3rd	Kt takes Kt P
11. Kt takes P	P takes P	28. B takes P (ch)	K to B sq
Possibly the position is good enough for Black to defer Castling, advancing at once P to Kt 4th, Kt to Kt 3rd, etc.		29. Q to B 5th	Q takes Kt
12. P to B 4th	Kt to Kt 3rd	30. K to R sq	Kt to R 5th
13. P to K Kt 4th		31. Q to Q 7th	Kt takes R
The advance is risky. It looks as if White intended to follow it up with Kt to B 6th, which would have had some point. That course was not adopted until too late.		32. B takes R (ch)	Kt to B 5th
14. Q to B 3rd	Kt to R 2nd	33. Q to B 4th (ch)	K takes B
15. Q R to Q sq	B to Q 2nd	34. Q takes R (ch)	K to K 2nd
16. Kt to Q 5th	Q to R 5th	35. Q takes P (ch)	K to K 3rd
17. Kt to K 3rd	Q R to B sq	36. Q to B 8th (ch)	K to K 4th
18. R to Q 2nd	K to B 3rd	37. Q to K 8th (ch)	Kt (Kt 4) to K 3
	K R to K sq	38. Q to Kt 5th (ch)	K to B 3rd
		39. Q to K R 5th	

The game was adjudicated in Black's favour. Q to Kt 6th is strong, and defends everything.

## NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the name of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for.

## A NIGHT ON THE FLATS.

We have many old-time superstitions concerning the moon in and round Maychester. When the moon is waning, certain undertakings cannot thrive; when at the full, they cannot fail. The sporting section of the community—i.e., all the able-bodied men and boys who can get a license, and not a few who manage to do without one—pay strict attention to all the moon's phases. "Ye may ferrut every arth on th' land," said a veteran to me a few weeks ago when I was working a roadside hedge, "but them ra'bits woan't bolt. Tain't likely neither, wi' the moon in th' farst quarter." Wind and sun were all that could be desired, ferrets were in good condition, hedges had been brushed in the morning and had not been shot before: but, in spite of all, the old ditcher was right—rabbits would not bolt; and where eighty to a hundred should have fallen to the two guns, a couple of dozen was the final figure. The ditcher came up with the twilight, and looked at the bag. "Ah," he said, "full moon's what ye want; bards or ra'bits, 'tain't no difference."

His words came back to my mind last night as we tramped through the sleeping village on our way to the flats. Maychester was asleep, and as there are no lamps, and the moon was obscured by clouds, we were compelled to trust to the stars, that seemed to have all their task cut out to light the firmament without bothering about the earth. It was one of the winter's very cold nights; the thermometer stood below zero, wind was coming in from the sea, and the grass and gravel under foot crackled as though to tell us the frost had gripped them. For these things the fowler and I cared nothing; we wore our thickest clothing and white overalls above topcoats, because wildfowl are less likely to see white on a moonlit night than any other colour. Maychester was left behind, only a few dogs had noticed our entrance and howled their worst by way of comment upon it, our own dignified retrievers absolutely ignoring the interruption. We had passed the long avenue of chestnut and elm trees, that looked so bare and gloomy, silhouetted faintly against the sky, and at the end of two frost-bitten grazing-fields we reached the estuary. There the darkness seemed to swallow us up beyond the reach of all but the wind.

We went cautiously on to the mud and sand, the drift weed and shingle left by the receding tide, and made slow way to a little shanty built at a point where the sea-wall goes farthest out to sea. It is made on a foundation of rough logs with matchboarding and some slates for roofing. For furniture, a bench against the wall, a spirit stove with kettle, a few glasses, a metal dish, and some big wooden wader's boots hanging on pegs. There was no window or chimney, but ventilation poured in at countless crevices, and gave us a five minutes' job to light the stove. We thawed gradually, and rested awhile until the fowler pointed to the moonlight coming in with some of the draughts, and loaded his gun. He opened the door, followed me out, and locked the place carefully. Perhaps he thinks there are people who will walk for miles over the mud to steal the wader's boots that have his initials burnt deeply into each sole. On the flats I had an impression similar to the one that comes to the late promenader on a great ship's upper deck when the night is fine, the vessel is in mid-ocean with no other ships in sight, and the other passengers have turned in. Then the ship seems to have the world to itself. So to-night we appeared to be the sole survivors left on the planet. North, east, south, and west, there was no human habitation to be seen except the empty shanty we had just left, nothing to hear, except the far-away murmur of the incoming tide. We moved in single file, the fowler leading to the mass of dark weeds and sea growth to which the fowl would certainly come, if they had not arrived already. Now and again I splashed in water too deep to be pleasant, but my guide's directions were unimpeachable, his instinct was as sure as that of the dogs. The wind brought with it a strong salt taste and a flavour of seaweeds and the sea, and when the moon sailed triumphantly away from the pursuing clouds it was not difficult to find dry footing.

We reached a little knoll that rose abruptly from the surrounding level land, a mass of thick mud, rock, shells, and weeds, and took shelter from the wind on its land side. Behind us, a strip of sand, white in the moonlight, led to the sea-wall; before us were other knolls of smaller size scattered here and there. Soon as the eye accepted the surroundings, and the light came unimpeded for a moment, I saw great masses of sea-birds rising in slow flight from the point where the tide was invading their feeding-ground; one heard their mingled cries, and then the clouds enveloped the moon once again, and the sense of sound seemed to fail with the sense of sight.

The wind howled round us; my feet seemed to be sinking into the sand in spite of the heavy waders; my numbed fingers were refusing to grip the gun, and then the light shone out again, and there were four of five widgeon, perhaps more, hovering round a knoll within shot. "I'll take left side," whispered the fowler, and we seemed to fire simultaneously. The dogs dashed forward, one heard on all sides the heavy flapping of wings, but nothing came within sight or shot, and then the edge of the clouds shone silver white for a moment as the moon passed them, and the light was gone as quickly as it had come. On a fine evening, with no wind, the widgeon at our feet would have represented the full extent of the bag, but with half a gale blowing, and a night of alternate light and shadow, the report of the guns would be but faint, and there might be more chances. So we waited.

Patience was again rewarded; the waste of sand and weed was revealed once more, and a bunch of teal came within range, not thirty yards away, and flying close. This time we saw other birds rise in large numbers, but in less time than it takes to record the fact, there were no birds in sight save the dead ones and a pair of wounded that the dogs were retrieving. Teal are seldom taken in this way; shy, quick of hearing, and quicker of flight, they rarely pass within reach of a fowler unless it is on their way from a pond at flight-time. Only the severity of the weather, the height of the wind, and the chances of the light could explain our good fortune.



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## LADIES' PAGES.

Those interested have received a notice from the Earl Marshal, the Duke of Norfolk, that the design for the peeresses' Coronation dress is not to be considered as settled, and therefore the making should not be proceeded with at present. Certainly, a modification of the quantity of velvet at first ordered for such a warm season of the year would be a mercy to the ladies concerned. Uniformity of colour has a charm of its own, as we all feel when we inspect regiments of soldiers, or even when we watch a stage ballet; diversity is more acceptable in detail; so that the effect of the robes of all the ranks of peeresses, being in the main identical, will be fine. But they can be crimson, and even chiefly of velvet, without being so heavy or absolutely uniform as the first design issued. At the wedding of the present King and Queen, I read, every lady wore some shade of violet in recognition of Queen Victoria's continued mourning for her late husband, and the effect is stated to have been very fine. With reference to the Coronation dresses, however, I wonder how the Queen's wish that ladies should wear dresses of British manufacture will coincide with the selection of velvet for almost the entire robe? If only a narrow panel of satin, and that plain white in every case, is allowed on the skirts of the peeresses' dresses, and the bodices are entirely of velvet, save for a narrow vest or plastron and edging of white fur, can any English manufacturer supply the needful silk velvets? I cannot hear of such a business.

Velveteen—the cottonbacked article that is beautiful in itself, but lacks the depth and richness of the lights and shadows of silk velvet—is an English manufacture, but, of course, will not be costly and splendid enough to be suitable for a peeress's Coronation day's robe. If ordinary Court dress might have been worn under a velvet mantle, as was at first expected, there are beautiful English silks to be obtained, and the makers of the finest of these, which hail from Spitalfields, were already busy executing some orders from enterprising large dress-houses that hoped to make those silks up for customers. Well, they may still be used at the great ceremony, or, if not, they will come in for other occasions of the Coronation year. The Princess of Wales's trousseau was made almost entirely of English manufactured goods; her wedding dress was woven specially in Spitalfields to the late Duchess of Teck's order. There are weavers still there directly descended from the French Huguenots who settled in London after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes—the old weavers' wide windows put into houses for them are still to be seen in some of the ancient streets of Bethnal Green; and there can be no question



GRACEFUL CHIFFON AND SATIN TOILETTE.

of the competence of the locality to produce the finest of brocades and other silks. But velvet is another matter.

Precedence will agitate many minds this year. One of the most sad cases is that of widowed peeresses who have remarried with either commoners or peers of lower rank than the first husband. As we know, these ladies generally retain the title of the higher rank. The Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos is now the wife of Earl Egerton, Lillian Duchess of Marlborough is the widow of Lord William Beresford, and so on; and it is very rare for a lady to elect, as Lady Randolph Churchill did, to give up the higher title that she has held as a widow and to content herself with the name of a second husband of lower rank than the deceased first. But though the courtesy of society will continue to grant the higher title, notwithstanding a second marriage, the laws of Court etiquette are more stern, and it is quite settled that the wife must take the rank of her existing husband, even when that implies a descent in the scale of precedence. The Duchesses' bench at a State concert is forbidden to the ladies remarried to Earls, for instance, and the same will needs hold good at the Coronation. Even the royal family has changed precedence by the accession of the King, for the reigning Sovereign's own children take precedence of his brothers and sisters; and the Princesses who were first at the Jubilee of the late monarch will be behind those of the younger generation at the forthcoming ceremony.

By the way, the Duchess of Fife is now Princess Royal. When are we going to commence to speak of her so? It was understood that she would not assume the style when she first became entitled to do so, because the Empress Frederick had always continued to sign herself "Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland" after her German title, and the younger Princess would not seem to take the title from her aunt; but that objection is, alas! removed. According to Fanny Burney, the eldest daughter of George III. was called "Princess Royal" even in her own family. There is one of little Burney's stories that amused me enough to stop in my memory, of the then Princess Royal's untidiness being such that the Queen, her mother, insisted on supervising her Royal Highness's dressing for her wedding with the Prince (afterwards King) of Würtemberg. The name of "Princess Royal" is not, however, of great antiquity; not anything like that of Prince of Wales, for instance. While the latter title dates back to Edward I., the "Princess Royal" was brought to us only by the Hanoverian Sovereigns. George the Second's eldest daughter was the first to use the name here. Probably it originated with the knowledge that the French King's firstborn daughter was called by the pretty name of "Madame Royale"; just as the title now invariably used in England for the Sovereign, "Majesty," was unknown here till Henry VIII. heard it applied to Francis I. on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and took such a fancy to the noble sound that he desired its use

Chairman: J. NEWTON MAPPIN.

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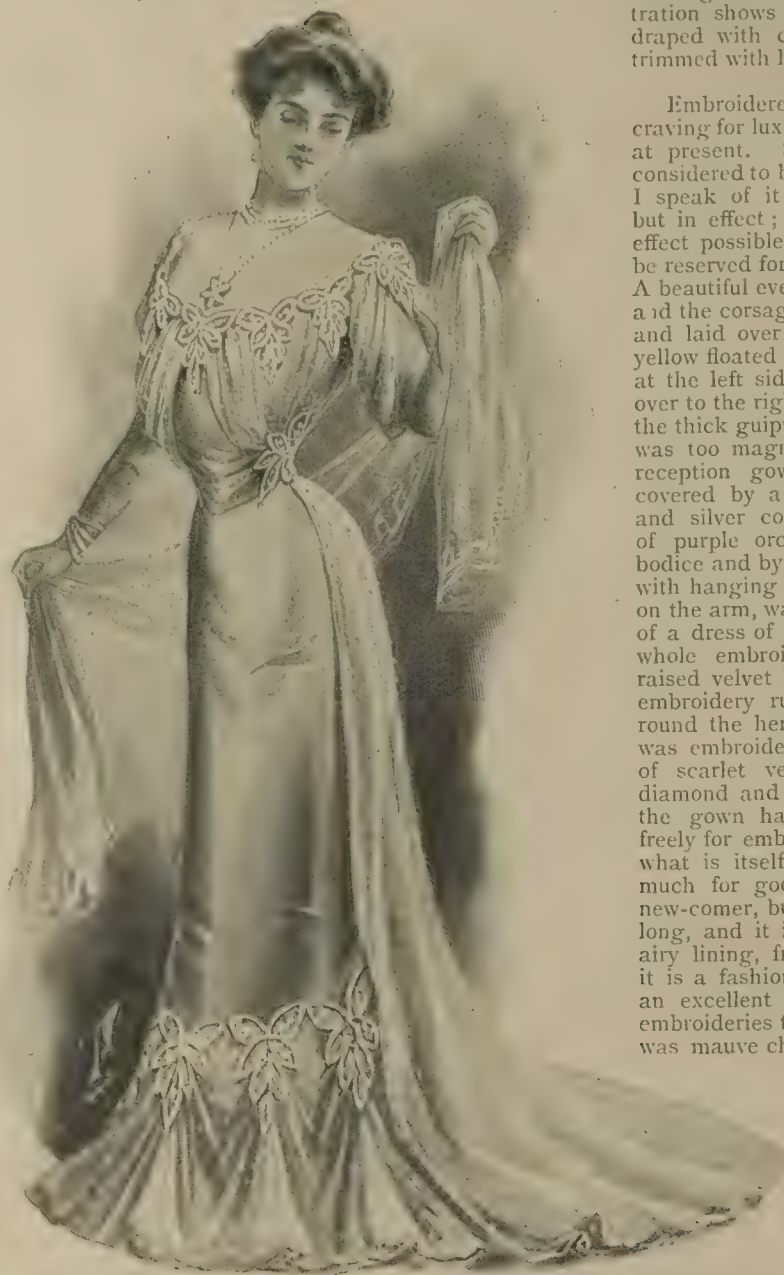
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by his own Court. Queen Elizabeth was most frequently called "Her Grace"—the most elegant and pleasing of titles, surely, for a woman; but both "Her Majesty" and "Her Highness" were frequently used in regard to the maiden Queen. King James I. made "Majesty" usual.

The season of hunt and county balls is now calling for the smartest of evening frocks. Both hunt and military dances allow of the introduction of colour into the men's costumes, and for this reason many women think it best always to wear white themselves, so as to run no risk of clashing with a partner's brightness of coat or facings. White lace is so immensely popular that it affords an easy solution of the question as to a new gown's materials, and it is very effective over a light colour in chiffon or soft silk for linings. A dainty gown I have just seen worn by the only daughter of a peer, very popular in his county, was white chiffon with a deep coat of Luxeuil lace; then a flounce of Brussels appliqué round the knees, and a frou-frou of chiffon flounces beneath to the hem of the train; the lining under it all was of gold tissue, which gleamed in a fascinating way through the softening veil of the laces and the chiffon. Another plan is to have the foundation of taffetas, with a veiling of chiffon, the skirt finished round the foot with the tiniest pinked-out flounces of the taffetas, also covered lightly with the diaphanous fabric; the silk underneath in some dainty colour, such as the palest of blues or pinks, and the chiffon, of course, in this case white. A blush-rose chiffon over pure white muslin of a rather firm variety, with panels at each side of the front of a charming embroidery in which pearls and pinky-iridescent plaques of mother-o'-pearl and silver sequins all played a part, the bodice with a bolero of a similar embroidery, was another charming gown. For a fair-haired girl was a dress in accordion-pleated dark red chiffon, with an Empire belt of gold and shimmering green sequins. Another little dancing-frock was in pale grey soft silk, Empire fashion again, fitted to the figure by an infinite number of tiny tucks set from the bust to below the waistline, and having an overdress of a single layer of moonlight-grey chiffon sprinkled lightly with silvery sequins.

All these were for young girls' wear. Excellent designs for more important evening frocks, though still most suitable for young women, are to be seen in our Illustrations. The grace of the Empire style for a slender figure is incomparable, and it can be studied in that gown of which the back view is given to show the panel of rich embroidered trimming that continues as a flouncing round the feet. The material of the gown is white satin, and it is veiled with one layer of chiffon, the scarf from the shoulders falling to the ground to produce the Empire effect. The panel is of raised chiffon roses, intermixed with seed pearls and foliage in the natural colours of the rose and leaves. The design that connects the panel with the front is in pearls. The chiffon roses here referred to are the newest trimming, and can be bought at good houses ready for application to any gown;



WHITE SATIN AND PEARL EVENING GOWN.

they are padded and raised in petals, and in their dainty shadings are exceedingly pretty. The second illustration shows us another graceful gown in white satin draped with chiffon that is powdered with pearls and trimmed with lace motifs embroidered with pearls.

Embroidered lace is another phase of the modern craving for luxury that is most effective on evening gowns at present. Such heavy decoration, however, may be considered to be more suitable for a dinner-gown. When I speak of it as heavy, I do not mean in avoirdupois, but in effect; a dancing-gown should have the lightest effect possible, and the more superb style of decoration be reserved for either the matronly or the stately dresses. A beautiful evening gown in pale blue satin had a flounce and the corsage both of jewelled lace touched with gold, and laid over yellow velvet; a sash of chiffon in pale yellow floated over the front of the blue satin, beginning at the left side of the waist, but just caught to draw it over to the right hem. It lightened the effect a little, but the thick guipure, with its flashing stones and gold lines, was too magnificent for dancing; it was a dinner and reception gown. A mauve crêpe-de-Chine almost covered by a tunic of guipure worked with diamonds and silver cord, and relieved only by a great cluster of purple orchids on one shoulder and front of the bodice and by a Parisian diamond epaulette on the other, with hanging straps of the sparkling stones falling down on the arm, was another fine dress. Or what do you think of a dress of black Chantilly lace over white glacé, the whole embroidered together with jet and gold and raised velvet leaves and poppies, the trails of this rich embroidery running to the very waist, the thickness round the hem of course the most decided; the bodice was embroidered to match, and finished with a twist of scarlet velvet round the shoulders, to hold the diamond and emerald ornaments of which the owner of the gown has a suite. Chenille and velvet are used freely for embroidery on lace now-a-days; ornament on what is itself ornamental is no longer considered too much for good taste. Maltese lace is—well, not a new-comer, but much the same, for it has been "out" so long, and it is being effectively used. Laid over some airy lining, from crêpe-de-Chine to mousseline-de-soie, it is a fashionable adornment for bodice and skirt, and an excellent model had this arrangement, with ribbon embroideries to render the gown original; the foundation was mauve chiffon, the Maltese silk lace of a yellowish tone, while the ribbon used for the design had a curious chené effect in many colours, red and mauve predominating. The flowers formed here and there in the ribbon were centred by rubies or amethysts. Silver and black embroideries appeared on a white Maltese lace tunic laid over yellow chiffon, and a band of black Maltese lace headed the flounces, for it is considered very *chic* still to mix black and white in one gown.

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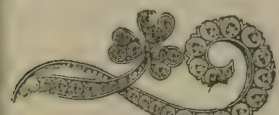
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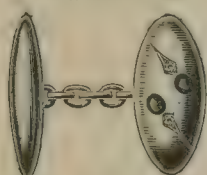
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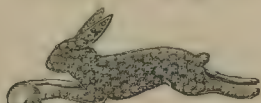
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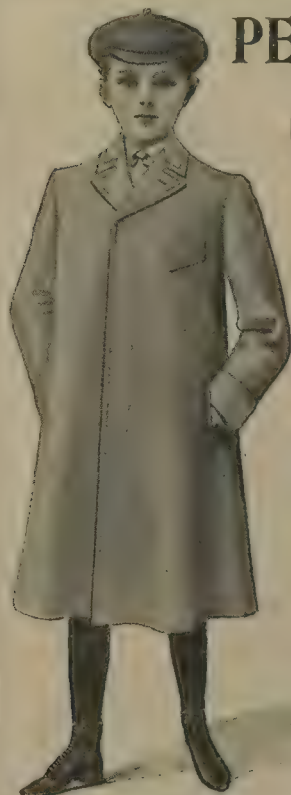
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## MUSIC.

The now celebrated Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Hall started a brief second season on Boxing Day. Mr. Wood, being busy with his musical societies in the provinces, did not conduct, but handed his bâton to his

Madame Amy Sherwin was ill and unable to appear, but her place was excellently filled by Madame Kirkby Lunn. On Saturday, Dec. 28, the chief attraction was the sinister "Danse Macabre" of Saint-Saëns. The programme began with the Rienzi Overture of Wagner. Dr. Elgar's second flamboyant military march, already

"Jocelyn" of Godard. Mr. Ffrangcon Davies sang "Largo al Factotum" from "Il Barbiere."

The "Christmas concert" given at the Bechstein Hall, under the direction of Miss Ethel Robinson, deserves brief notice for its excellence. Madame Liza Lehmann's "Daisy Chain" was sung, several madrigals



THE STAMPS OF NORTH BORNEO, WITH TWO NOTABLE NEW ADDITIONS.

The new stamps are those of ten and sixteen cents value. In the centre of the former is a representation of the honey-bear on the branch of a tree. The colour of the ground is lilac-grey, the bear being printed in dark brown. On the sixteen-cent stamp an express train symbolises the advance of civilisation. The ground is brown, with the train printed in dark green. Some of the first stamps of the new series issued, curiously enough, were not overprinted "British Protectorate." The new stamps are supplied by Ewen's Colonial Stamp Market, Norwood; the others by Messrs. Stanley Gibbons.

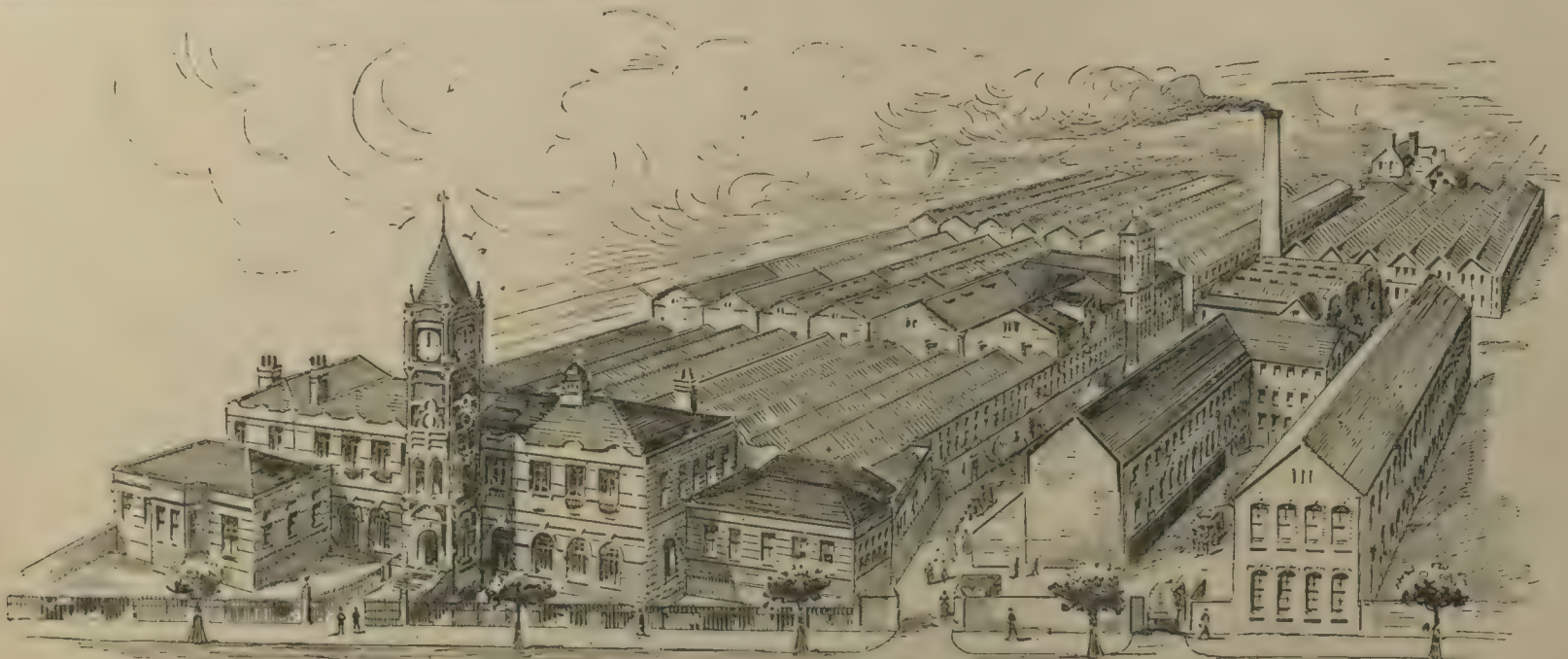
able coadjutor, the first violin, Mr. Arthur W. Payne. Mr. Payne has frequently conducted the Stock Exchange Orchestral Society's concerts with marked ability. The orchestra acquitted themselves well in the overtures to Weber's "Oberon," and Wagner's "Tannhäuser."

heard at these concerts, was again given, and had a great reception, though Mr. Wood was inflexible about an encore. Mr. Arthur Payne played the solo part of the beautiful Andante and Finale from Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, and as an encore the Berceuse from

and glees by the Æolian Male Voice Quartet, and Miss Ellen Bowick recited Benson's "Christmas Eve in the West." Mrs. Hutchinson sang some Christmas songs of Peter Cornelius excellently well, and Mr. Charles Phillips gave some interesting fourteenth-century carols.—M. I. H.

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The fittest time for festal cheer,  
Even, heathen yet, the savage Dane,  
At lol more deep the mead did drain;

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DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.

High on the beach his galleys drew,  
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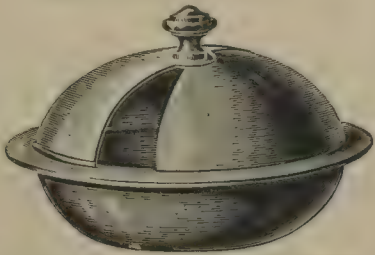
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## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Dr. Moberly, Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, and Regius Professor of Pastoral Theology, will preach the sermon at the consecration of the Bishop of Worcester at the Abbey on the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul. Dr. Moberly is the author of "The Incarnation as the Basis of Dogma" in "Lux Mundi." The enthronement of the new Bishop of Worcester is fixed for Feb. 10. A mitre, cope, and pastoral staff will be presented by the diocese.

The visit of the Bishop of London to St. Mark's, Marylebone, on the Sunday before Christmas Day, attracted much interest in the neighbourhood, and a crowd gathered to watch the Bishop's arrival. Unlike Dr. Temple, who was a great walker, Dr. Winnington-Ingram goes everywhere in his modest brougham. He appealed to the congregation to stand by the vicar, the Rev. the Hon. James Adderley, of whose good work he had heard so much.

The *Guardian* sharply condemns the sensational services conducted at St. Mary-at-Hill by the Rev. W. Carlisle, head of the Church Army. If people will not come to church without "pudding services" and "dollar Sundays," and "monsterphones" and flashlights, it is a grave question, the *Guardian* thinks, whether they might not as well stay away. "Sensationalism of this kind brings sober religion into contempt, and,

valuing as we do much of the work of the Church Army, we are sorry to find Mr. Carlisle resorting to questionable expedients." It must not be forgotten that Mr. Carlisle has the warm support of the Bishop of London. After all, the people who attended his "pudding" and "dollar" services came to give and not to receive.

As regards the monsterphone in use at St. Mary's, I heard it on a recent Sunday evening, when it was supposed to be giving an address on Faith, by the Archbishop of Canterbury. We might have said to the monsterphone, as his Grace is reported to have said to a trembling candidate: "Yer inardible." Beyond the traces of a strong Devon accent, I could hardly detect a single characteristic of the Primate. As a warm admirer of Mr. Carlisle, I think that the sooner he gets rid of his monsterphone the better.

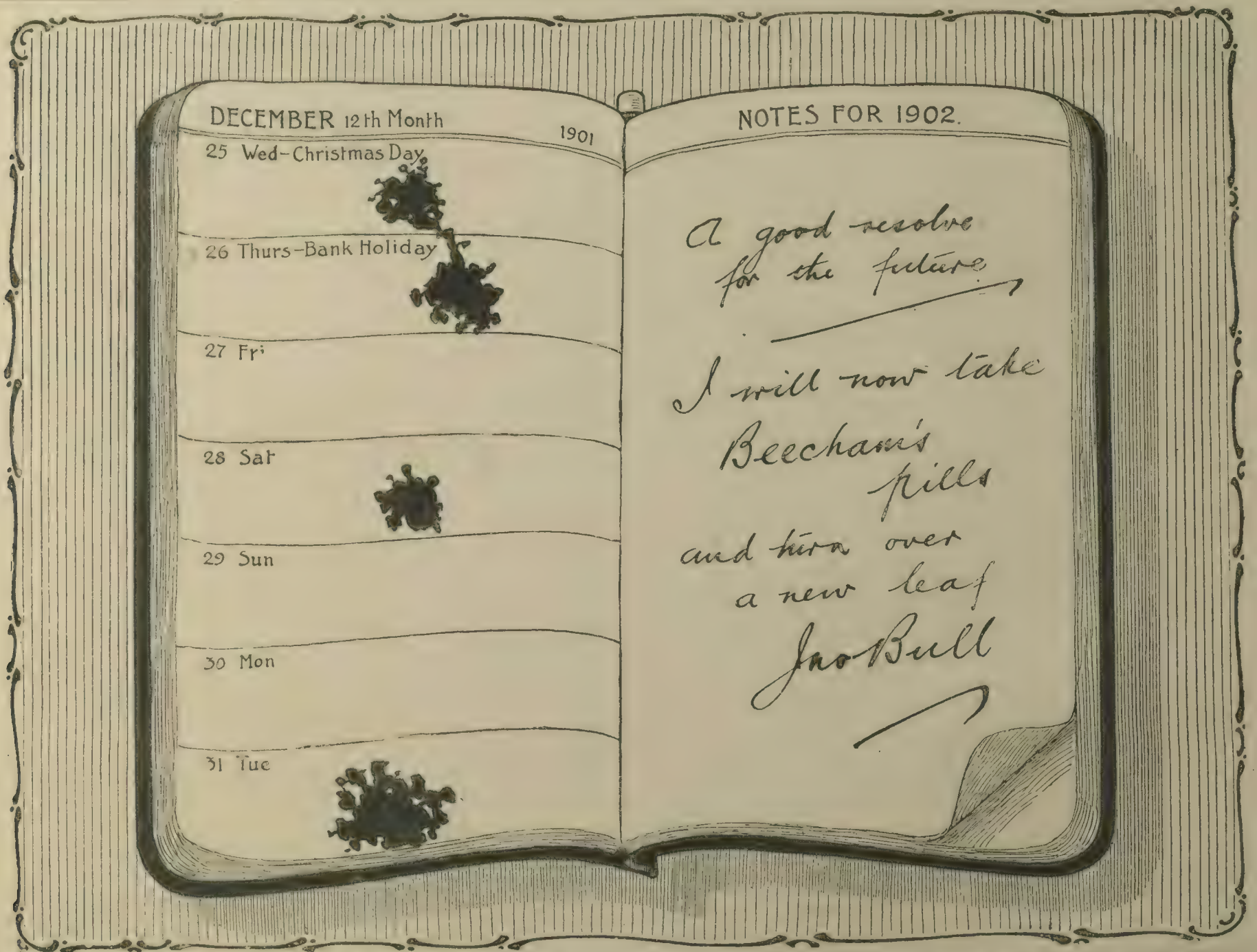
The Rev. C. N. Kelly, Rector of St. Nicholas Cole Abbey, paid an admirable tribute on the last Sunday in Advent to his predecessor, the Rev. H. C. Shuttleworth. After unveiling the handsome bronze mural tablet which has been erected in memory of Mr. Shuttleworth's seventeen years' work at St. Nicholas, Mr. Kelly preached from the text: "He being dead, yet speaketh." He said that the marked features of the life of Henry Cary Shuttleworth were life, love, and labour.

Hampstead people are singularly generous in appreciating the work of their clergy and ministers. Only the

other day the congregation of Lyndhurst Road fitted up an admirable library for Dr. Horton, with bookcases and all complete, and now the members of Christ Church have given to their retiring vicar, the Rev. G. S. Streatfeild, a polished oak revolving bookcase and books, with a cheque for £168 10s. Mr. Streatfeild entered on his country parish of Fenny Compton at the New Year.

Canon Valpy, who is now on his way to South Africa on board the *Kinfauns Castle*, will attend the consecration of Dr. Chandler to the see of Bloemfontein, which will take place at Cape Town on Feb. 2. He will afterwards proceed to Kimberley to take over the duties of Archdeacon Holbech, who was shut up in Kimberley during the siege, and has had no long rest since. Canon Valpy expects to be back in England before the Coronation.

The officials of the C.M.S. are still much dissatisfied at the continued refusal of the Government to permit missionaries to enter the Soudan. It is pointed out on their behalf that the best class of missionaries are willing, if need be, to incur martyrdom in the course of their service, and that they ask nothing from the home Government beyond the right to labour in the country. Lord Lansdowne, however, in answer to an appeal from Mr. William Tallack, says that the undeveloped condition of the Soudan makes it impossible to provide for the security of missionaries. V.



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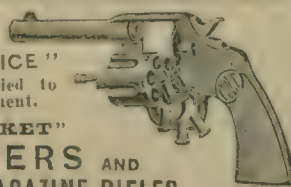
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satisfy the most fastidious. No other Corsets are comparable for perfect finish and elegance of form.

None Genuine without Monogram Trade Mark



and the letters W. H. K. & S.

These unique Corsets are worn and recommended by

MADAME ADELINA PATTI,  
MADAME BELLE COLE,  
MISS MARY ANDERSON,  
MISS ELLEN TERRY,

and for more than a quarter of a century have held premier position with all wearers of

**High-Class Corsets.**

They are now also made with the

**NEW STRAIGHT FRONT**

and while giving the desired effect are absolutely perfect-fitting, combining symmetry and elegance with the acme of comfort



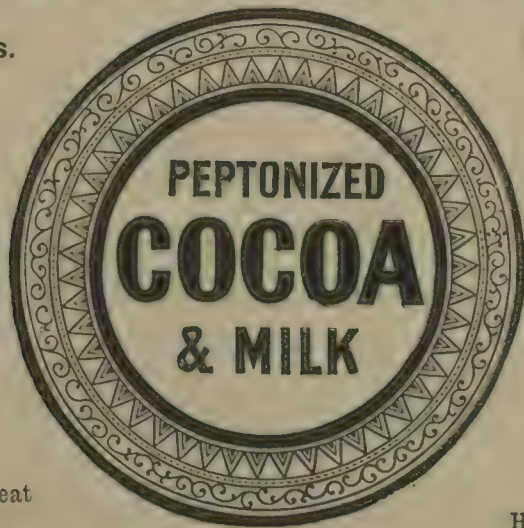
A Quality—White, 23/-; Black, 25/-  
B " " 16/6; " 18/6

TO BE OBTAINED OF ALL FIRST-CLASS DRAPERS AND LADIES' OUTFITTERS.

## SAVORY & MOORE'S

DELICIOUS.

NUTRITIOUS.



"Excellent, of great value." *Lancet.*

In Tins, 2/6.  
Half Tins (Samples), 1/6.

## ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

PRESERVES, NOURISHES, ENRICHES THE HAIR.  
CURES SCURF, DANDRIFT AND BALDNESS.  
SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED FOR LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR.

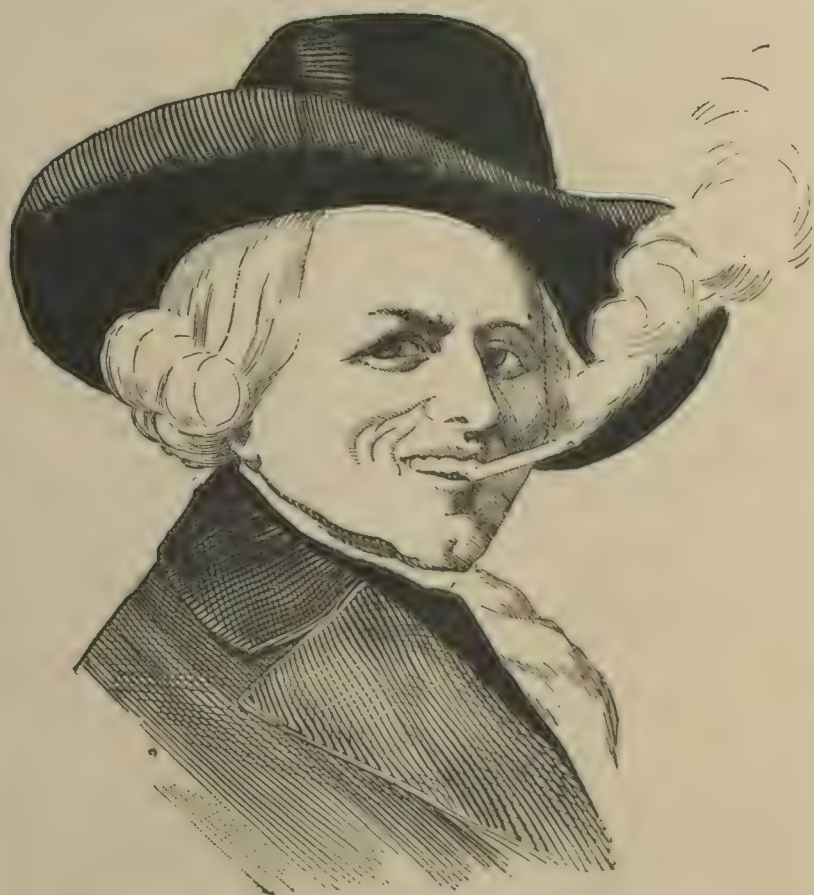
GOLDEN COLOUR FOR FAIR OR GREY HAIR.

BOTTLES 3/6, 7/-, 10/6 OF CHEMISTS, STORES AND

ROWLAND'S, 67, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON.

.. SMOKE ..

## RICHMOND GEM



The Original Imported Cigarette

Guaranteed Absolutely Pure.

THREE PENCE PER PACKET OF TEN.

Three Strengths—Mild, Medium, and Half and Half.



## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will and codicil (both dated May 15, 1900) of Mr. Henry Duncan Skrine, D.L., J.P., of Claverton Manor, Somersetshire, who died on Sept. 25, were proved at the Bristol District Registry on Dec. 10 by Henry Mills Skrine, the son, and Christopher Bevan Thring, the executors. The estate has been valued for the purpose of probate at the gross sum of £217,740, including personality of the value of £194,894, but exclusive of the settled property. The testator settles the advowson of the district Church of St. James's, Stubbings, Berkshire, and his Stubbings estate, upon his second son, Duncan William Hume Skrine, and his heirs male; and devises Cookham Manor, Berkshire, the advowson of Claverton Church, Somersetshire, and all other his freehold and leasehold estates in the counties of Somerset, Wilts, and Berks not comprised in the marriage settlement of his eldest son, Henry Mills Skrine, to the trustees of the said settlement to go with the estates thereby settled. He gives £100 each to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, the National Society for Education, the Society for Promoting Christian

Knowledge, the Bath Mineral-Water Hospital, the Bath United Hospital, the Bath Benevolent Institution, the Bath Eye Infirmary (Belvedere), and the Bath Bluecoat School. There are many bequests to children, including an annuity of £400 to his daughter Mary Catherine Skrine so long as she shall remain unmarried; and numerous legacies to his executor, Mr. Thring, relatives, friends, servants, labourers, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held in trust for his younger children in equal shares, advances made to, and sums settled on them to be brought into hotchpot. All legacies and annuities are to be paid free of duty.

The will (dated Dec. 31, 1883), with a codicil (dated Sept. 11, 1896), of Mr. Edward Tindall, of Knapton Hall, Malton, Yorks, who died on Sept. 21, was proved on Dec. 7 at the York District Registry by John Tindall and Robert Tindall, the cousins, and Henry Turnbull, three of the executors, the value of the estate being £188,430. The testator devises the Knapton Hall estate and all other his real and leasehold property to his nephew Edgar Wright for life, and then for his children in fee simple. He bequeaths the collection of British and Foreign birds in the private museum at Knapton,

and the specimens of natural history, to the Scarborough Philosophical and Archaeological Society; £5000 to his nephew Edgar Wright; £400 each to the Rev. John Swallow, Emma Stephenson, and Mary Isabella Stephenson; £600 to Isabella Stephenson; and other legacies. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay off the charges and incumbrances on the Knapton Hall property, and subject thereto, as to one third each, on trust, for his nephew Edgar, and his nieces Gertrude Wright and Ethel Wright. The stipulation is made that his nephew is to adopt the surname of Tindall in place of that of Wright.

The will (dated June 7, 1901) of Mr. Emil Heineman, of 20, Buckingham Gate, who died on Nov. 18, was proved on Dec. 23 by Emil Dabney Heineman and Spencer Oswald Heineman, the sons, and the Rev. Francis Clyde Harvey, the executors, the value of the estate being £147,744. The testator bequeaths the use of his household furniture to his wife during her widowhood; £100 each to his executors; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves as to five thirty-seconds each to his sons Spencer Oswald and Robert Dabney; five thirty-seconds, on trust for his

# TRELOAR'S CLEARANCE LIST OF CARPETS, AT REDUCED PRICES.

## NOTICE.

This Clearance List, which will be sent post free on application, contains particulars of Special Carpets, which are offered at greatly reduced prices at the end of the season. The large and increasing trade which TRELOAR & SONS do in all Floor Coverings renders it necessary to clear out yearly all remnants, old patterns, &c., &c., of every description of Carpet, in order to make room for the New Season's Goods. Of course, the List is only a temporary one—that is to say, the Carpets are offered only upon the condition that they are still in stock, and unsold. They cannot be repeated at the prices given in the Clearance List.

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Established 1832.  
ELEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.

## ROBINSON & CLEAVER, LTD., BELFAST,



And 164, 166 & 170, REGENT ST., LONDON, W. [Telegraphic Address: "LINEN—Belfast."]  
Irish Linen & Damask Manufacturers and Furnishers to  
HIS GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING, THE LATE EMPRESS FREDERICK,  
Members of the Royal Family, and the Courts of Europe.

Supply the Public with Every Description of  
**HOUSEHOLD LINENS,**

From the Least Expensive to the **FINEST** in the World, which, being Woven by Hand, wear longer and retain the Rich Satin appearance to the last. By obtaining direct, all intermediate profits are saved, and the cost is no more than that usually charged for common-power loom goods.

FULL DETAILED ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS AND SAMPLES POST FREE.

N.B.—To Prevent Delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be sent Direct to Belfast.

## DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL

The Most Efficacious  
Remedy for Diseases of the

CHEST, THROAT, DEBILITY, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, RICKETS, &c.

It is sold by all Chemists in Capsuled Imperial Half-Pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d.; Quarts, 9s.  
See Testimonials surrounding each Bottle.

Sole Consignees: ANSAR, HARFORD, & CO., Ltd., 210, High Holborn, London.

## SEEGER'S

Annual Sale, 362,000 Bottles.

Of all Hair-dressers, 2s.  
**HAIR DYE**

## Southalls'

SANITARY RESORBENT ANTISEPTIC.  
THE "DOWNY SOFTNESS."

**Towels**

## THE ORIGINAL AND BEST.

IN PACKETS containing one dozen, from 6d. to 2s. each.  
From all Drapers, Ladies' Outfitters and Chemists.  
A Sample Packet containing three size 0, and one each size, 1, 2 & 4 Towels will be sent post free for eight stamps on application to the  
**LADY MANAGER, 17, Bull Street, BIRMINGHAM.**  
Southalls' Sanitary Sheets (for Accouchement) in three sizes, 1, 2, & 26 each.

## HINDE'S

Circumstances alter cases.  
Hinde's Waves alter faces.

real hair  
savers.

**WAVERS**

## Serravallo's Tonic (BARK AND IRON WINE)



**STIMULATES THE APPETITE. STRENGTHENS THE NERVES.  
REGENERATES THE BLOOD.**

It is a most palatable mixture of **Bark and Iron**, perfectly combined with an excellent **Wine**; is a distinct boon to all **Sufferers from Anamia and Chlorosis** and **Convalescents after severe illness**, especially **Influenza**; deserves therefore fully the name of "**IDEAL TONIC**."

A great many leading Physicians of all parts of the World have testified to the distinct value of **SERRAVALLO'S TONIC**.

Owing to its pleasant taste, it is equally agreeable to children as to adults. Dose for adults: a liqueur glass before meals; for children, half the quantity.

Retail Price for Great Britain: 3s. 6d. per Bottle of One Pint.

Prepared by **J. SERRAVALLO, Chemist, TRIESTE (AUSTRIA).**

Obtainable from any Chemist, or through

**W. GLENDENNING & SONS, LTD.,**

67, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W., and 9, Grainger Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.



THE  
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appears on all the original genuine

'Lanoline' Preparations.

## 'DARTRING' 'LANOLINE' TOILET SOAP

beautifies roughened hands and faces, making the skin clear and soft. The 'Lanoline' is quickly absorbed, taking the place of the fat washed out by the soap.

Of all chemists, 6d. per cake; 1s. 6d. per box of 3 cakes.

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## PRESS THE BUTTON. IT LIGHTS!

A BED-ROOM BLESSING.

No 1s. 6d. 12 6, and out 500 Flashes. Refill Cartridges cost 1 6.

**INSTANT ELECTRIC LIGHT** when and where you want it. **NO WIRES. NO LIQUIDS. NO TROUBLE. NO DANGER.** Invaluable in the house. Useful for Miners, Plumbers (seeking gas-leaks), Oilmen and others (in cellars where matches are dangerous), Watchmen, Policemen, and Soldiers. Can be lighted in a Kog of Gunpowder without any danger. **FREE!** Interesting book of Portable Electric Novelties sent by return of post to any address.



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# Navy

# Mixture

Cool and Sweet

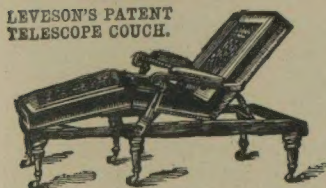
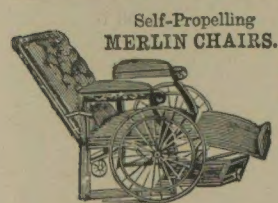
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Leveson's Bath Chairs and Invalids' Chairs have been ordered by His Majesty's Government for the use of the Invalid Soldiers from the War.

# LEVESON'S INVALID CHAIRS & CARRIAGES.

(Established 1849.)

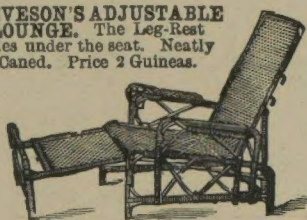


Self-Propelling MERLIN CHAIRS. INVALIDS' COMMODE CHAIRS, SPINAL COUCHES AND CARRIAGES, BED-RESTS, LEG-RESTS, CRUTCHES, RECLINING CHAIRS, BED-TABLES, AND EVERY DESCRIPTION OF FURNITURE FOR THE USE OF INVALIDS.



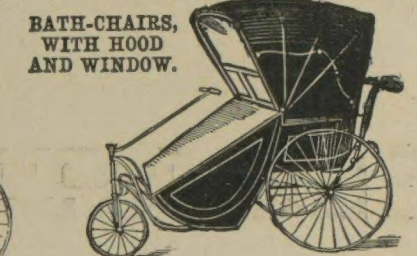
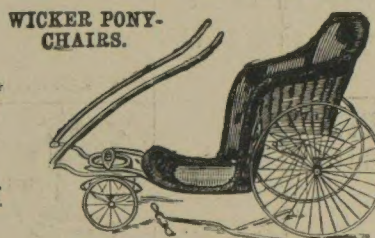
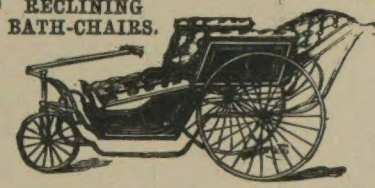
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LEVESON'S ADJUSTABLE LOUNGE. The Leg-Rest slides under the seat. Neatly Caned. Price 2 Guineas.

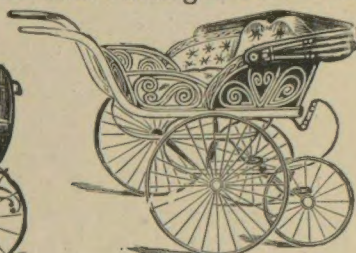


RECLINING BATH-CHAIRS.

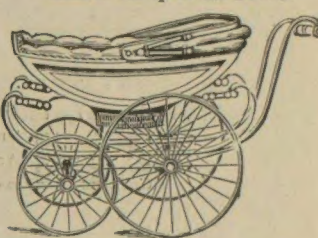
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**LEVESON'S** Perambulators & Mail Carts. NEW DESIGNS FOR 1902. Illustrated Catalogue Post Free.



THE "STANHOPE" CAR, for a Child to Sit up or Lie Down.



THE "CANOE" on Cee Spring, in White or Light Tan Colour.

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The age and genuineness of this Whisky are guaranteed by the Excise Department of the Canadian Government by certificate over the capsule of every bottle.

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Absolutely Cure BILIOUSNESS. SICK HEADACHE. TORPID LIVER. FURRED TONGUE. INDIGESTION. CONSTIPATION. DIZZINESS. SALLOW SKIN.

They Touch the LIVER. Be Sure they are

## CARTER'S

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Dr. J. M. BARRIE says: "WHAT I call the 'ARCADIA' in 'My Lady Nicotine' is the 'CRAVEN' Mixture, and no other."



1-lb. Sample Tin, 2/6; Postage 3d. extra.

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27 YEARS' SUCCESS AS THE UNIVERSAL REMEDY FOR

## Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Influenza, Whooping-Cough, Hoarseness, &c.,

HAS MADE

# Owbridge's Lung Tonic

AN ABSOLUTE NECESSITY TO EVERYBODY.

**Important Notice:**

**SUBSTITUTION.**—There are so many imitations of this successful, and therefore popular, remedy that it is of the utmost importance you should use the word "OWBRIDGE" when buying Lung Tonic, and TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.

Prepared by **W. T. OWBRIDGE, M.P.S.,** Chemist, Hull. Sold everywhere in bottles, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., & 11s.

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# WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK

Famous for its rich creamy, never drying lather.

An English Barrister writes:

For 25 years I have shaved, and for 24 the process has been painful and irksome. A year ago I tried—for the first time—your Shaving Soap, and in future nothing else will ever lather my face. Previous to last winter my face had always been rough and irritated, but the past winter—thanks to your Soap—it has been perfectly soft and smooth and I have had no difficulty in shaving. I have saved half the time and my razors have kept in better order than ever before.

Williams' Shaving Stick is sold about everywhere, but sent postpaid for 1s. if your dealer does not supply you (Trial Size) by mail for 4d. in stamps.

The J. B. WILLIAMS CO., 64, Gt. Russell St., LONDON, W.C., 361, Clarence St., SYDNEY. Main Office and Factories, GLASTONBURY, CONN., U. S. A.



daughter Clara Cecilia; four thirty-seconds each, on trust, for his daughters Emily Farquhar Bolland and Ellen Frances Harvey; three thirty seconds each to his sons Emil Dabney and Arthur Blake; and three thirty-seconds for the children of his deceased son Walter Dabney. Mr. Heineman makes no provision for his wife, she being already sufficiently provided for.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of the county of Edinburgh, of the will (dated June 12, 1900) of Edmund Archibald Stuart, fifteenth Earl of Moray, of Doune Lodge, Doune, and Dorchester House, Fife, who died on June 11, granted to Anna Murray, Dowager Countess of Moray, the widow, the Hon. Morton Gray Stuart Gray, the brother, and James Beattie, the executors nominate, was resealed in London

on Dec. 20, the value of the estate in England and Scotland being £160,063.

The will (dated Sept. 7, 1901) of Mrs. Sibylla Sophia Ryder, widow of Mr. Granville Richard Ryder, of 60, Ennismore Gardens, and Fisherton Delamere House, Wylde, Wilts, who died on Oct. 15, was proved on Dec. 20 by Robert Charles Ponsonby, the sole executor, the value of the estate being £95,027. The testatrix gives £10,000 to Dudley Henry Ryder; £6000 to Admiral the Hon. Algernon Charles Littleton; annuities of £100 each to Cosmo Alan Ryder and Mrs. Kate Horsfall; £20,000 each to her nephews Joceline Charles Henry Grant and Robert Francis Sydney Grant; £10,000 each to her nephews Charles John Cecil Grant and Edward Alistair Grant; £100 to Beatrice Shewill; and legacies to servants.

The residue of her property she leaves to her nephew Robert Francis Sydney Grant.

The will (dated May 16, 1899) of General Sir Arthur James Lyon Fremantle, K.C.M.G., C.B., of 20, Brunswick Square, Brighton, who died on Sept. 25, was proved on Dec. 17 by Mrs. Alice Florence Seaburne Fremantle, wife of his nephew Guy Fremantle, the value of the estate amounting to £50,830. The testator bequeaths £2666 to his nephew and nieces Guy, Frances, and Pamela; and £2666 to his nephews and niece, John, Ralph, Martin, and Agnes, children of his sister Augusta Wilhelmina Hall, wife of General Julian Hall. Having in his lifetime made provision for the daughters of his brother Delvin David Fremantle, he leaves the residue of his property to his nephew Guy Fremantle.

## NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA'S

Accurate Thermometers for all Purposes.

Fig. 1.

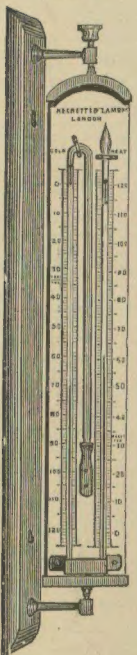


Fig. 1.—THE WINDOW BRACKET THERMOMETER, registering the extreme Heat and Cold, enabling the observer to read from Inside the House the Temperature Outside.

Price 25s., 42s., and 63s.

Fig. 2.

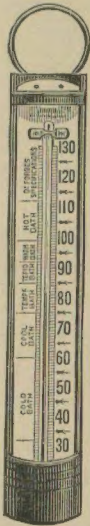


Fig. 2.—BATH THERMOMETER, with Dr. Forbes's specification.

8 in., 4s.; 10 in., 5s.; 12 in., 7s. each.

Thermometers for Sitting and Bed Rooms, 1s. 6d. each. Registering Minimum Thermometers, 3s. 6d. each.

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38, HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C.  
Branches—45, CORNHILL; 122, REGENT STREET.  
Two Gold Medals, Paris Exhibition 1900.

D'ALMAINE AND CO.—PIANOS AND ORGANS. All Improvements. Approval Carriage Free both ways. Easy terms. 10 years warranty. Secondhand good Cottages from 7 guineas; iron-framed, full trichord Pianos from 126 per month. Organs from 5 guineas. Full price paid allowed within three years if exchanged for a higher class instrument.  
D'ALMAINE and CO. (Est'd. 176 years),  
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Open till 7. Saturdays 3

"The Original" Avoid Imitations

## PETER'S MILK-CHOCOLATE

The Charm and Delicacy of this delightful sweetmeat have placed it in front of all other Chocolates. It is nourishing, sustaining, and absolutely Pure.

1d., 3d., 6d., & 1/-: Packets & 6d., & 1/-: Croquettes Sold by all confectioners, etc., etc. Sole Agents (Trade only) S.J. MACKENZIE & CO. LTD., Wellclose Sq. London

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prepared as directed is rich in those substances which tend to nourish and sustain children and sick persons. Sample bottle on application. Mention this paper.—Mellin's Food Works, Peckham, S.E.

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LIVERPOOL.



FOR TRAINING YOUNG GENTLEMEN TO BECOME OFFICERS IN THE MERCANTILE NAVY. FOR PROSPECTUS APPLY TO THE CAPT. A. T. MILLER, R.N.

## EXPOSED NERVES OR INFLAMED ROOTS OF TEETH.

The pain caused by either of these conditions needs a separate treatment. It is a mistake to imagine that one remedy can relieve both kinds of toothache. Two reliable preparations, discovered by the eminent American Specialist, Dr. OTWAY V. PRESCOTT, may now be obtained for 2s. each from the Sole Agent, Mr. FOSTER HOWARD, 39, CHELSEA ROAD, SOUTHEAST.

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Established over a quarter of a century. Prescribed by the Medical Faculty throughout the world. It is used as an inhalation and without any after bad effects. A Free Sample and detailed Testimonials free by post. In Tins, 4s. 3d.  
British Depot—45, Holborn Viaduct, London. Also of Newbery & Sons, Barclay & Sons, J. Sanger & Son, W. Edwards & Son, May, Roberts & Co., Butler & Crispe, John Thompson, Liverpool, and all Wholesale Houses.

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FROM THIS MOMENT. Awarded one hundred thousand francs Gold and Silver Medals and admitted to be unrivalled. Particulars gratis and post free from DR. GLERY, MARSEILLES, FRANCE. DEPOT: WILCOX, JOZEAU, AND CO., 49, Haymarket, London, S.W.

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A GREAT PHYSICIAN says: "75 per cent. of all diseases are caused by the pores becoming clogged, thus shutting up in the blood the poisons and impurities which Nature intended they should eliminate."—DR. ERASMUS WILSON.

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Opens the pores and sweats all the poisons out of the blood, leaving it pure and healthy. THE PATENTED FEATURES ARE the four top flaps which regulate the temperature at the will of the bather. We have imitations, but not on this point. Prices, 25/- to 70/-.

**FREE TO BUYERS! 7/6 Book of advice and formulas.** On request: Booklets, "Health, Strength, Hygiene," and "Philosophy of Health and Beauty." Write to-day for Catalogue No. 7, mentioning "Illustrated London News."

**CENTURY THERMAL BATH CABINET, LTD.,**  
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TRADE MARK. PRICE 6/- PER BOX.

They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no skill to use. Made in Five Colours. 12 CURLERS IN BOX. FREE BY POST, 8 STAMPS. Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.

BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS, now being sold by Drapers and Others. The Genuine bear our TRADE MARK on the Right-Hand Corner of each Label.

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**HOT & GOLD WATER TAP**

INVENTED BY **LORD KELVIN** (SIR WM THOMSON)

GUARANTEED FOR 3 YEARS

NO PACKING  
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SOLD IN MANY VARIETIES BY PLUMBERS & IRONMONGERS, AND BY THE

**PALATINE ENGINEERING CO. LTD.**  
10 BLACKSTOCKS, LIVERPOOL

NERVOUS EXHAUSTION, RHEUMATISM, and PAIN and WEAKNESS in the BACK, speedily relieved and cured by HALE'S IMPROVED ELECTRIC BELT. ONE and TWO GUINEAS. Medical References. Pamphlets and Consultations Free. No Metal contact with the Skin. HALE and SON, 105, REGENT STREET, W.

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The Original Preparation for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery and all Steel, Iron, Brass and Copper articles. Sold in Canisters at 3d., 6d., & 1s., by Grocers, Ironmongers, Oilmen, &c. Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, London, S.E.

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POSSESS THE FLAVOR OF FRESH GATHERED PEAS. DELICIOUS VEGETABLE ALL THE YEAR ROUND. FARROW & CO. BOSTON, ENG.

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LARGEST FIELD OF VIEW.

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Bile Beans are unequalled as a remedy for Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, Rheumatism, Liver Chill, Colds, Influenza, Gout, and all Liver and Female Ailments.

You may obtain them from any chemist, or post free from the Bile Bean Manufacturing Co., 119 and 120, London Wall, London, E.C., upon receipt of prices, 1/11 or 2/9 (2/9 box contains three times 1/11 size). Bile Beans are sold in sealed boxes only—*never loose*. Avoid worthless imitations.

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## FREE SAMPLE COUPON.

*Illustrated London  
News,  
January 4, 1902.*



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IT IS GENUINE  
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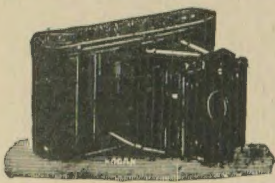
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FOR CHANGING  
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Paris—Eastman Kodak Société Anonyme Française, Avenue de l'Opéra 5, Place Vendôme 4, Berlin—Eastman Kodak Gesellschaft, m. b. H. Friedrich Strasse 101, Friedrich Strasse 16, Brussels—Kodak, Ltd., Rue du Fosse aux Loups 36, Vienna—Kodak, Ltd., Graben 29, St. Petersburg—Kodak, Ltd., Bolshaja Konjuschennaja 1, Moscow—Kodak, Ltd., Petrowka, Dom Michailoff.

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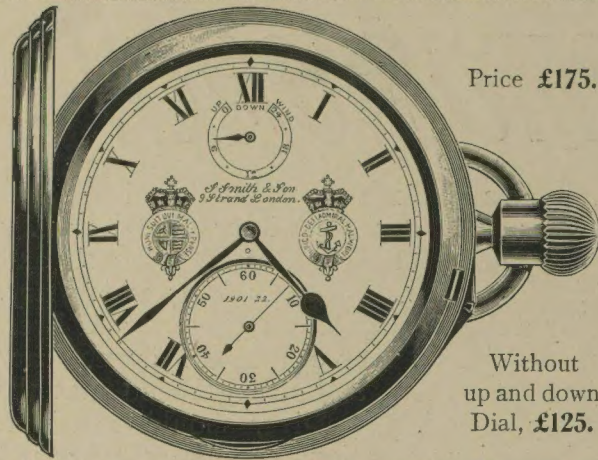
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**FROM WHATEVER**  
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**BLOOD PURIFIER**  
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BAD LEGS,  
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Its effects are marvellous.

IT is the only REAL  
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**TONIC PICK-ME-UP.**

**SO PLEASANT TO TAKE,**  
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